

THE ATHENÆUM

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PRICE
THREEPENCE
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
EVENING LAW CLASSES.

The SUMMER TERM will begin on TUESDAY, April 21st, 1868.

The Courses are specially adapted for Students preparing for the Indian B. Examinations in the University of London, and for the Indian Civil Service Examinations.

ROMAN LAW—First Lecture, Wednesday, April 29th, at 8, Prof. H. J. ROBY, M.A.

JURISPRUDENCE—First Lecture, Thursday, April 30th, at 8, Prof. H. J. ANSTIE, Esq., B.A.

EQUITY and REAL PROPERTY LAW—First Lecture, Monday, April 27th, at 8.30, Reader, J. M. SOLOMON, Esq. M.A.

COMMON LAW—First Lecture, Tuesday, April 21st, at 8.30, Reader, A. CHARLES, Esq., B.A.

The first Lecture of each of the above Courses will be open to the public.

Prospectuses may be obtained on application, either personal or by letter, at the Office of the College, Gower-street, W.C.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

April, 1868.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
SCHOOL.

Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, M.A. F.R.S.

Vice Master—E. R. HORTON, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

The SUMMER TERM will begin, for New Pupils, on TUESDAY, April 21st, at 9.30 A.M.

The hours of attendance are from 9.30 to 3.45; the hour from 12.30 to 1.30 being allowed for recreation and dinner. The Grounds are spacious, and contain a Gymnasium and Fives Courts. The School Session is divided into three Terms, Fee, 7. per Term, to be paid in advance; Gymnastic and Fencing extra.

Junior Department—For Pupils between the age of seven and nine years, and for any younger children. The Play-classes are so arranged as to differ from those of the older boys. The hours of attendance are from 9.30 to 3.45, of which time two hours altogether are allowed for recreation and dinner. Fee for each Term, £3. 6d. to be paid in advance.

Discipline is maintained without corporal punishment. A Monthly Report of the progress and conduct of each Pupil is sent to his Parent or Guardian.

The School is very near the Gower-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and within a few minutes' walk of the Terminal of several other Railways.

Prospectus containing full information respecting the courses of instruction given in the School, with other particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

April 7th, 1868.

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Prof. TENNANT, F.G.S., will give a Course of LECTURES on GEOLOGY, having especial reference to the application of the Science to Engineering, Mining, Architecture, and Agriculture. The Lectures will commence on WEDNESDAY, April 22, at 9 A.M. They will be continued on the following Friday and Wednesday at the same hour. Fee, 11. 11s. 6d. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

Instituted 1814. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1842.

Under the immediate Protection of Her Most Excellent Majesty, THE QUEEN.

President—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

The Fifty-third ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place in FREEMASONS' HALL, on SATURDAY, May 16th.

JOHN DUKE COLEBRIDGE, Esq. M.P., in the Chair.

Tickets, including Wine, One Guinea each: to be had of the Secretary and the Assistant-Secretary.

HENRY WYNDHAM PHILLIPS, Hon. Sec. FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, Assistant-Sec. 24, Old Bond-street, W.

ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE.—

The GENERAL ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the SOCIETY, for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing Year, and for other Business, will be held on WEDNESDAY, April 22nd, at the Society's House, 4, St. Martin's-lane, Strand.

The Chair will be taken at 4.30 o'clock precisely.

W. S. VAUX, Hon. Secretary.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.—ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

The ADDRESSES of Professor OWEN, the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, and Professor HUXLEY, at ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Paddington, on Medical Science and Medical Education, may be obtained together with the Prospectus for the Summer Session commencing May 1st, on application to ERNST HART, Esq., Dean of the School.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

Terms of Subscription to New Members:—Entrance Donation, £1. Annual Subscription, £1. 1s.

All persons can at once become Members, and will receive, during the Autumn, in return for the Subscription of the current Year (due last January), Chromo-Lithographs of the following subjects:—

'THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI,' From the Fresco, by Andrea del Sarto, in the Cloister of the Annunziata at Florence.

'THE VISION OF SAINT BERNARD,' From the Painting, by Filippo Lippi, in the Badia at Florence. Specimens of these Publications may be seen in the Rooms of the Society.

F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary. 24, Old Bond-street, W.

THE DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS

of the ARUNDEL SOCIETY are OPEN DAILY to the free inspection of the Public. Prospectuses and Lists of Works on sale will be sent by post on application to

24, Old Bond-street, W. F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENTS PARK.

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS—PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT, May 10th to June 1st, 1868; June 1st, July 1st and end. AMERICAN PLANTS—June 1st to 13th.

Tickets, up to May 16th, 4s; after that day, 5s.

Next Meeting for the Election of Candidates, Saturday next, April 29th.

J. ELLA, Director.

MUSICAL UNION—AUER, LUBECK, and GRÜTZMACHER, with RIES and GOFFRIE—

TUESDAY, April 21st, quarter-part 3, St. James's Hall—Quartett, No. 59, in G. Haydn; Sonata, Op. 31, E flat, Beethoven; Solo, violoncello, Grützmacher; Quartett, E flat, with Canzone, Mendelssohn; Solo, pianoforte, Schubert.

Visitors' tickets, Hall, 1s.; Box, 2s.; Box, with Table, 3s.; Box, with Table, 4s.; Box, with Table, 5s.; Box, with Table, 6s.; Box, with Table, 7s.; Box, with Table, 8s.; Box, with Table, 9s.; Box, with Table, 10s.; Box, with Table, 11s.; Box, with Table, 12s.; Box, with Table, 13s.; Box, with Table, 14s.; Box, with Table, 15s.; Box, with Table, 16s.; Box, with Table, 17s.; Box, with Table, 18s.; Box, with Table, 19s.; Box, with Table, 20s.; Box, with Table, 21s.; Box, with Table, 22s.; Box, with Table, 23s.; Box, with Table, 24s.; Box, with Table, 25s.; Box, with Table, 26s.; Box, with Table, 27s.; Box, with Table, 28s.; Box, with Table, 29s.; Box, with Table, 30s.; Box, with Table, 31s.; Box, with Table, 32s.; Box, with Table, 33s.; Box, with Table, 34s.; Box, with Table, 35s.; Box, with Table, 36s.; Box, with Table, 37s.; Box, with Table, 38s.; Box, with Table, 39s.; Box, with Table, 40s.; Box, with Table, 41s.; Box, with Table, 42s.; Box, with Table, 43s.; Box, with Table, 44s.; Box, with Table, 45s.; 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LITERATURE

Recollections of Massimo d'Azeglio. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by Count Maffei. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Two or three years ago, an idler, going out for his evening stroll on the shores of Lago Maggiore, was pretty sure to meet among the myrtles on the pathways fronting Luino a pale and weary man, of no great age, but looking older than his actual years. In this quaint figure you would first be struck with the soft face and beaming eye, the simple gait and tender courtesy. But on meeting him again, even a passing idler might feel some grounds for doubting whether the mild and gentle manner did not conceal a proud and somewhat cynical spirit. For in the eyes of that soft gentleman there was sudden fire; in the gait there was a touch of pride; and even in the courtesy there was a hint of scorn. The old man looked as though he might be one of those hot and stubborn folks whose high blood is tempered, but can never be subdued, by grace of living and love of art.

This picturesque figure by the Lake was that of a man who had played many parts, including, among others, those of a painter, a lover, a soldier, a statesman, a novelist, an adventurer, an ambassador, and a minister,—that of a man who had trudged along dusty roads with a pack strapped on his shoulders, who had danced in the palaces of kings, who had lived the rough life of camps, who had fallen in love with "models" and peasant-girls, who had been the friend of Cardinals and the counsellor of Popes. His name, when it was written out in full, was Giuseppe Maria Girolamo Raphael Massimo d'Azeglio,—a name which was held in honour and respect throughout the whole civilized world.

The owner of that name had flown from the great scene, on which he had played his part, to the banks of the sweet lake on which he had long ago built for his age a fitting rest. Much of his time was now passed in a charming villa near Canero, watching the sun rise over the crests of Lugano, and set beyond the sombre heights of Malesco; the shining waters at his feet, the snow and the thunder-cloud above his head, the orange-trees and balsams everywhere about his steps,—now chatting with his friends about Rome and Venice, then dashing at his easel as in olden times, and yet again sitting at his desk and writing down his thoughts for the benefit of coming ages. His home had been built in the most lovely and dramatic corner of the earth; he had leisure, glory, competence; yet he did not seem to have lived a perfect life, for on his brow and in his speech you perceived the presence of that high and proud distaste of things which proved that he had not been able to have his own way, and to draw the world into his line of march.

The book on which the old man was employing his fitful leisure was the free and highly-coloured memoir which his young friend and countryman Count Maffei has now done us the service to put into an English dress.

The D'Azeglios, of whom the present Italian minister in London is now the chief representative, were of foreign origin, like many of the high and stout old Piedmontese nobles. They had come to Italy, not only from beyond the Alps, but from the far-off shores of the English Channel. They had been Bretons, if not Britons, in the olden days; and to this very

hour they have been famous in their new country for western arts and for un-Italian habits of life. For many ages they have been great readers and talkers of English, and for this cause, among others, they have been commonly said to be crazed. Massimo writes, that when his grandfather, Count Lagnasco, used to be seen busy with his English books, he can think of his friends saying to each other, with a knowing shrug, "Very odd, that Count Lagnasco, with his English!" Then these talkers would get into a corner and explain the matter to each other: "You see," some wiseacre would remark, "all the men of this family have a bee in the bonnet." When Massimo first began to paint, the young Italians flouted his taste and abused his art. However, since he was only a D'Azeglio, they were good enough to grin over their cups, and set him down as mad. The languid pride and pliant grace of Italian youth were replaced in these sturdy fellows by a certain hard and obstinate self-will, and by a certain delight in labour, not only for what it brings to a man, but for what it is. Many of the Alpine races have this quality; Count Cavour possessed it in a high degree; but the smoother and softer Tuscan nature hardly knows it. Pride the D'Azeglios had; but their pride was a passion of another kind than what is found among the graceful and worthless young men in Florence and in Rome. It was the pride of doing, not of being—the pride of work, and not of rank. One day, when the boy Massimo was speaking to his father about the Italian Golden Book, he asked the question, "Are we noble, father?" The stout soldier answered, in the true family spirit, "My child, you will be noble if you are virtuous." Few men have a longer pedigree than these D'Azeglios. They came to Italy with Charles of Anjou; even then they were of name and fame; and since the days of our own Edward the First they have been more or less conspicuous in Italian history. Three or four times they have changed their names, without changing their genius. In France, they were called Capels or Chapelis; in Italy, they took the name of Taperelli; but of late years they have adopted the new form of D'Azeglio. There is no doubt, however, as to the length and nobleness of the descent. Yet Massimo tells us, in his keen and rather scornful way, that until his brother Roberto died, and he began to toss about the old papers, he knew nothing of his family story, except the little he had learnt from an old servant. His father never talked to him of such nonsense; and it was only after he had long been shouting, like all good patriots, "Away with the barbarians!" that he found, to his great surprise, that he was a barbarian himself!

Two years ago, the pretty nest on the lake found itself empty; for the good patriot, the clever artist, the sparkling writer, had gone to his final rest. Then it was seen that for three years the old man had been compiling the story of his earlier life, for the special education of his younger countrymen in new and more manly habits of thought than had been their wont in his own youthful time. Madame Ricci gave these papers to the world. In Italy, at least, they have been widely read and much admired; and they are now published by Count Maffei, in the two volumes of racy, brisk, and idiomatic English on our table, and for which the Count deserves our heartiest thanks.

Such a book, besides being fresh and winning in its style, is of solid moment in its matter. It is not only the record of a noble life, but the history of a great revolution; and those who wish to comprehend the new Italy should study

in these pages the old Italy out of which it has been made.

Unhappily, the thread is broken early; for the pale old man on the lake-shore only lived to bring his narrative down to 1846, the date of his famous pamphlet, called 'I Casi di Romagna.' We should have liked to hear from him, told in his brisk way, the story of the reforming Pope,—of the first call of the Italian patriots to arms when the Austrians broke into Ferrara,—of the Milan insurrection,—of the first Italian campaign,—of the reactionary movement into the meshes of which he was drawn,—of the rout of Novara,—of the disastrous treaty of peace, which it was his sad misfortune as Minister to sign,—of his contest with the younger genius of Cavour; for in these affairs he was a conspicuous agent, as well as a keen and bold observer of men and things. Much of his public life is still a puzzle. Nobody can quite explain his conduct with regard to Rome; and there were passages in his encounter with Cavour which stand in need of personal annotation. All these things we shall now for ever ask in vain. What we are told is always charming; full of picture, quick with motion, rich in character; but we could have spared some sprightly pages from these early times, if it had been possible to exchange them for more certain lights on D'Azeglio's dealings with the great questions of Count Cavour and Rome. What could be briefly done by a younger hand to remedy this defect has been done very well by Count Maffei, in a preface of ninety pages.

Massimo d'Azeglio, who began life, like most of his stout foregoers, as a soldier, had a narrow escape of being made a Jesuit; and he went on, very much unlike his race, to be a painter, a musician, a novelist, and what the great world called a vagabond. At first, he had not thought of art as a means of life, and the first handful of scudi which he earned rather burned his pockets; but being poor and lavish, he soon grew reconciled to taking money for his work. Of course his old friends and fellow soldiers called him insane; and this was very likely his father's view of the case. Woful, indeed, to the old nobleman was the heady career of his scapegrace son; for the old gentleman, poor as Lazarus and proud as Lucifer, could not foresee that out of this picturesque and vagabond life would come a glory, which would make men, not of Piedmont, not of Italy, not of Europe only, but of the whole civilized globe, inquisitive about the obscure Capels, Taperellis, and D'Azeglios, who had flowered out into such a man. Either a red coat or a black coat (as we should say) his father would have gladly seen him don, being himself a staunch soldier and an abject devotee. That the trade of war makes a fine fellow of a man, was an old Piedmontese maxim; at which Massimo used to laugh in his sly ironical way, saying, "Then, in order to be a fine fellow, one ought now and then to kill a few of one's neighbours." All the D'Azeglio lads were destined for the army and the church. Massimo's elder brother, Prospero, was sent into the Jesuits' College, and became a noted member of the Order of Jesus. Had the young painter and satirist chosen to be a priest, his family would have been content; since he showed great talents as a scholar, he was pretty sure to rise in the Church, and might even aspire to being Cardinal and Pope. When he was yet too young to know his own mind, he had put on helmet and sword; but this step in a false march had been only for a day. He began to draw, to paint, to write squibs and satires; to display powers of mind for which a dull camp offered no fair field. At length he got to Rome, where he threw himself into the free life of the schools

and students; learned the habits of artists and models, made friends of workmen, fell in love with peasant girls, got into debt, broke his heart a dozen times a year, and entered into all the gaieties and frivolities of Rome.

As a Marquis he had some advantages over his fellow students. All the doors in Rome were open to him, from the porter's to the Pope's. His high birth, his shrewd wit, and his open manners made him welcome everywhere; in the boudoir of the great Marchesa not less than in the apartment of the little milliner. In those days he enjoyed his youth; preferring love and work and wit and frolic to the very best kind of idleness and dissipation in which swells of his own rank were wont to indulge. A little of the old man's gold and scarlet has, perhaps, been added to these youthful scenes in Rome and in the country. Massimo was an artist, and every scene in his life was made into a picture. Seeing how many years had passed away between the adventure and the record, it is wonderful how well the writer can recall the details and comicalities of his thousand and one love-affairs. Yet, even in the teeth of some doubt, we feel pretty sure that D'Azeglio's pictures of Roman life are as true as they are diverting. It is in these sketches of a strange old world, seen from the inside, by one who was not only friendly but to the manner born, that the chief and permanent value of this book will lie. Take this glimpse into the society in Rome:—

"At evening parties and other social gatherings, love-matters were discussed, examples quoted, and evidence adduced. Cases were thus weighed and examined, and judgment finally ensued; and even at that period universal suffrage was already that of a few big-wigs who took the lead in society. But the most curious thing was the kind of morality, probity, and honesty professed by the votaries of that creed. According to plain sense, every one is free to do what he pleases; but at the bottom of his heart he must admit that to deceive is always an unworthy action, and that even a *husband* ought to be protected by this formula of public morality. There, on the contrary, to deceive a lover, God forbid; but a *husband*, of course! Ordinary sense also teaches that, if the deceived husband chooses to shut his eyes and behave as if nothing had occurred, well and good; it is his own business, and nobody has a right to meddle. Still, a shade of ridicule, and sometimes worse, is attached to him, and he can scarcely escape unscathed. There, on the contrary, God forbid that a joke or a sarcastic word should be uttered about so interesting and useful a member of society. Women in particular, especially the middle-aged, would at once interpose—'What! for shame! he is a worthy man, an excellent person, *very* well-bred!' If, on the other hand, a rather less well-bred husband did what the plain sense of every other country considers as perfectly natural; if he in some way or other expelled the individual who presented himself in his house as a partner, or if he only did not receive him with a cordiality equal to that of his wife, there was a general burst of indignation in the whole church of Cnidus. I perfectly remember the case of a young man, the son of a lady whose house was frequented by all Rome. He had fallen in love with the young wife of an officer, who was also young, handsome, and of charming disposition, but who had the strange pretension of thinking his better-half might be content with him alone. But the fair darling was not at all content; and finally one day the officer had the audacity to tell both his wife and the intruder plainly, that he did not intend to have his head adorned with the emblem of Acteon, in words such as are resort to on similar occasions by those who have had a surfeit. In the evening I met the usual company; and when I approached the group surrounding the lady of the house (the mother of the lover), I found her in a very ill-humour, muttering something in an excited way, raising her voice every now and then to give vent to her anger; and I particularly remember the words, 'Monster! what a monster!'—I whispered

to a friend, 'Who has put her out?'—'P * * *.'—'And why?'—'Because he has made a scene with his wife and the *other*. Perhaps he surprised them. How do I know?' I soon discovered the truth, which was precisely as my friend guessed. And I remember with pleasure that neither my mind nor my heart had been sufficiently corrupted by that school for me not to feel astounded at the strange epithet employed by maternal love in such circumstances."

After this passage comes a description of the revelries of Carnival time. D'Azeglio was an Italian, and many things were patent to him which would have been lost upon a stranger:—

"He who desires to discover a secret, to untie or initiate an intrigue, ask an explanation, or make a declaration, &c., and cannot find time and opportunity in every-day life, counts upon the Carnival. In that week tradition grants absolute liberty and independence to the sex to which the hypocritical adjective of *weak* is coupled. I assure you that those who are then at Rome may judge whether it deserves the appellation. Ladies and friends meet together, and utterly refuse to be either assisted or watched. I do not speak of husbands, for they cannot even be mentioned; but lovers themselves are carefully discarded. The former submit patiently to their fate; and I have known some who go to bed and sleep through the lively hours of the Corso. For the latter, on the contrary, it is the moment to be awake, and all eyes, if possible. But the second and seldom-used title of the 'Barber of Seville' must not be forgotten. The more precautions are justified, the less they are of use. The way in which these masquerades are arranged almost entirely precludes the possibility of discovering what is going on. The idea is generally entertained that when a woman disguises herself, she still tries to appear to the very best advantage. It is not necessary to have either a hump, or the foot of a Chinese beauty, to escape recognition. But at Rome during the Carnival things are understood otherwise. A woman transforms herself into a bundle; and she must literally have no human shape when she goes (or when she went) to sit on the step of Palazzo Ruspoli during the Corso. This step, which has now disappeared, was a footpath running all along the Caffè Nuovo, about two feet above the level of the Corso. Upon it there was a row of straw chairs, which were occupied by ladies in masks. The people who walked in front of the step thus found them at a very convenient height for carrying on a more or less intimate and secret conversation, according to the mutual inclination of the parties. It is obvious, however, that there was one obstacle to be overcome by those who wished to talk with a lady who was invisible for the rest of the year—namely, that of recognizing her as she sat on that famous step. I recollect, on a certain occasion, having performed a real diplomatic *tour de force*. I longed anxiously to speak with a little freedom to a lady to whom I had not been introduced. I succeeded in learning that, wanting to go to the step the last Thursday of the Carnival, she was in search of one of those round capes without sleeves, then worn by men; and I managed so adroitly that I sent her mine without her knowing whence it came. The difficulty of recognizing her thus fell to the ground. This step is the neutral ground upon which the thousand mysterious interests of amorous life are founded, destroyed, or restored. But, to terminate the exposition of its statutes, I should add that lovers were not always allowed to enjoy this step, or any other of the Carnival revels. If the divinity is obliged to stay at home, either by a confinement or indisposition, or any other motive whatsoever, her admirer must not amuse himself either. Whilst the fun is running highest between Piazza del Popolo and Piazza di Venezia, he may take a walk at Campo Vaccino, San Pietro, or the Villa Borghese. And in the evening, in society, when it is bruited about that X * * *, whose lady-love is in bed with a slight cold, was seen riding alone outside the Porta Angelica, for instance, during the Corso, all the ladies exclaim: 'What a nice fellow X * * * is! he indeed is a good friend!' And if their own happens to be present, with a conscience not quite so spotless, he is sure to receive

a glance which plainly says—Take example! Another statute declares that, in case of a misfortune of any kind happening to *her* family or that of the *husband*, the *other* must sacrifice everything—life itself, if need be—to repair it. All this forms a whole which seems, and is in reality, one of the strangest, and contrasts singularly with the usages of the present day. Still nobody, I think, will prefer the actual system to that then in vigour. The love which, while seeking its own satisfaction, also accepted sacrifices and endured unspeakable torments for the ineffable happiness of one moment, is noble and sublime; it possesses in itself, I might almost say, something virtuous, like every other voluntary suffering manfully borne."

—The last words in this passage are a good specimen of D'Azeglio's ironical humour. This sort of sly vein runs through his best descriptions, and gives them a nimble and lively charm.

These opportunities for study of Roman life were seized with great avidity by the young aristocrat, to whom they were of highest use in his later time, when he came to be the grave censor and the powerful minister of his country. But the lessons which Cavour would have drawn from the facts were not drawn by D'Azeglio. The artist thought of Rome as nearly all artists who have lived under Monte Pincio think of it,—as a venerable waste, a pictorial wreck, more precious to the eye and to the heart than a thousand new shining and thriving cities like Paris, Munich and Berlin. He could not bear the idea of transforming the Eternal City into a new Rome. Hence he could not be made to see that Rome was necessary to Italy; necessary now, as her political centre and seat of government; and this incapacity to see that Italy needed Rome and ought to have it, was in the eyes of his more fervid countrymen the fatal fault which marred the symmetry of his life.

It was not that D'Azeglio denied the abstract right of Italy to her capital. Indeed, he admitted that right; but only in the abstract and in the future. Count Maffei has laboured very ably and very hard to prove that it was only a personal and poetic objection which D'Azeglio nursed against the claim of Garibaldi to march on Rome. We think it was something deeper and more respectable than a poetic whim. We believe that his objection was one of principle; and that what he meant by Rome being some day the capital of Italy was that in his opinion Rome might yet become the master of Italy, not Italy the master of Rome.

In fact, though it is easy to find in D'Azeglio's writings plenty of abuse of the Church and the priests, our own impression is that the Italy of his imagination and his heart was not a Popular Italy so much as a Papal Italy. He seems to us never to have forgotten the days which he spent in Rome (before he was called to direct his country and to sign the disastrous treaty of Novara) under the eyes of a reforming Pope. Pio Nono was his friend, and D'Azeglio was one of Pio Nono's darlings. The era of reform in Rome was the time of his own glory and popularity; and he always hoped that kind of day would dawn again. He thought a liberal pope the very best king for Italy; and many other people thought so too; and, under a confederation of free provinces, he thought that papal Rome might very well become the capital of a united and independent state.

That, we fancy, was his view; and it was one which put him out of the pale of actual politics in his later days. Of this isolation he complained with some sharpness; but the state in which he found himself was one which he had made for himself. It was one of independence; and to a certain extent of unpopularity. But while he lived, and held a pen,

such a man as D'Azeglio is always to be feared. Only after he had passed from the stage of action for ever, could his rivals afford to admit how great, how honest, and how daring he had been.

To us the failings of the man are almost as interesting as his virtues and his talents. No honest mind is capable of more than its natural tension; that of D'Azeglio was very strong and elastic; but the pace of the Italian revolution tried it too far; and the consequence was that the stubborn old genius of the family showed itself. You might as well have asked Mont Blanc to come down into Turin as Massimo d'Azeglio to go beyond the point at which he thought an honest man should stop.

Cavour was an aristocrat of another mould. D'Azeglio felt the power of his genius, and early in their intercourse wrote to the younger and bolder man, saying he had ceased to dispute and only waited for orders. This was when Cavour was making Italy in the Crimea; but D'Azeglio paused when Cavour annexed the duchies, staggered when he incorporated the Two Sicilies, and recoiled when the great minister made known his designs on Rome. D'Azeglio had reached that stage in the revolutionary when, in the expressive American phrase, he was "played out." There, like an honest man, who saw his way no further ahead, he stood still. The cause went on; but D'Azeglio was no longer its herald and champion. As the Italians say, *A cosa nuovi uomini nuovi*. The ruling power passed over to Cavour.

Poems of Rural Life in Common English. By William Barnes. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE best definition that we can give of these poems is to say that they are in a high degree pleasant and novel. They touch upon a great variety of rural scenes and customs, and they enter into the characteristics of country interiors with a minuteness for which idyllic poets have furnished few precedents. The aspects of Nature at different seasons,—glimpses of the wayside, of the wood, of the stream, of the effects of winds and light,—of household joys, of country labour afield, of wakes and revels, of village swains and coquettes, and of a placid though pensive being, who moves moralizing amidst them all,—form the principal figures and pictures of the book. Of Mr. Barnes's keen observation of Nature and of the features of a scene no poem will give a truer conception than his first:—

AUTUMN.

The long-lighted days begin to shrink,
And flowers are thin in mead among
The late-shooting grass, that shines along
Brook upon brook, and brink by brink.

The wheat, that was lately rustling thick,
Is now up in mows that still are new;
All yellow before the sky of blue,
Tip after tip, and rick by rick.

No starlings arise in flock on wing;
The cuckoo has still'd his woodland sound;
The swallow no longer wheels around,
Dip after dip, and swing by swing.

While shooters are roving round the knoll,
By wind-driven leaves on quiv'ring grass,
Or down where the sky-blue waters pass,
Fall after fall, and shoal by shoal;

Their brown-dappled pointers nimbly trot
By russet-bough'd trees, while gun-smoke grey
Dissolves in the air of sunny day,
Reef upon reef, at shot by shot.

While now I can walk a dusty mile,
I'll take me a day while days are clear,
To find a few friends that still are dear,
Face upon face, and smile by smile.

And as an example which puts truth of description into the lips of rural people, we quote

WORK AFIELD.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. All day below, tall trees in row,
In trimming boughs that kept me warm;

The white chips played, about my blade,
In wood that baffled wind and storm;
No voice did rise, but sounds of cow,
And birds' thin cries, by tangled boughs,
Where leaves down-shed from beeches red,
Had fallen o'er the grassy bank,
Or else lay down, all withered brown,
By elm-trees up in stately rank.

W. I'm sure you must be glad enough
To be in warmth, with wind so rough;
And glad to leave the chirping birds,
To hear a tongue that talks with words.

W. When you shall sway at mowing hay,
And elm-tree groves shall all be dried,
And Stour shall wander slow
With glittering waves at eventide;
Or corn in load, on red-wheel rims,
Shall grind the road, or brush tree-limbs,
The while the bell in tower may tell,
Tis time to shut your day's work out,
And you may flag, and hardly drag
Your labour-worn limbs about.
Why then, before the fall is come,
Your little girl will hail you home.

H. Ay, I shall leave the sounds of birds,
To hear Poll's prattling tongue, with words.

Here and in other cases Mr. Barnes's peasants are somewhat idealized, and informed with an appreciation of beauty and a power of describing it which can hardly be common amongst the class represented. We are far from blaming the writer on this account. Wanting "the sacred bard," whose very office it is to define and utter perceptions which would else be vague and dumb,—in the noble words of Bacon, "to conform the shows of things to the desires of the soul,"—what place would remain, not only for the interlocutors of bucolic dialogue, but for the patriots, heroes, and martyrs who live in our hearts more through the agency of song than through that of history itself? Mr. Barnes's rural persons are truly drawn with respect to their mental tendencies, though they have that just elevation over positive reality which arises from giving prominence to essential things rather than to accidental ones.

In a few prefatory lines, the author of 'Poems in the Dorset Dialect' owns to a misgiving that his present effusions "in common English" may be less attractive than those which were stamped with a local peculiarity. We cannot altogether dispel his misgiving. Too many of the poems in this volume are mere snatches; of the comic pieces, one or two, at least, are too trifling to have merited publication. The work in this volume is neither quite so important nor quite so good of its kind as that which we have previously had from Mr. Barnes. Still, we have here his genuine and rare qualities exhibited, though not always in the highest degree. On the whole, the book is by no means one which lovers of descriptive poetry can afford to lose.

Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, in the Reign of Henry VIII. (A.D. 1519-23). Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer. Vol. III. Parts I. and II. (Longmans & Co.)

For the historical illustration of the four years indicated above Mr. Brewer gives us the summaries of about 4,000 documents, catalogued and indexed in about two thousand pages, the whole preceded by an Introduction which exceeds four hundred pages in length, and which of itself would form two ordinary-sized octavo volumes. It may be said, therefore, that Mr. Brewer is not only an industrious compiler, but that he takes ready advantage of his opportunity to add to his catalogues a full share of the History of England.

Within the years above noted Henry was both the friend and foe of Francis the First. The English king surrendered Tournay; the Field of the Cloth of Gold had seen the monarchs embrace, and all the world knew

how they were cajoling each other. Within the same period took place the election for Emperor, to gain which title the candidates bribed the princely and greedy electors, who, on the day of election, called God and His host of angels to witness that they came to make their choice perfectly unbiased; and they devoted their souls to perdition if their hands had been tainted by filthy lucre! It was the period when Wolsey waxed fat and proud, became papal legate, and caused such heavy income and property taxes to be laid on the English (saving Chester, Brighton, and a few other happy places) that the country, at first smitten by panic, burst out into indignation, and then paid the great imposition. It was then that Henry won his title of "Defender of the Faith," at which the "Most Catholic" and also the "Most Christian" kings grew jealous. Within the above time, too, occurred the vacancy at Rome which Wolsey would have been so happy to fill, but was twice disappointed; and of all these matters, and of a thousand more conveying much pleasant, often very important, information, there is illustration enough in this volume to give a man a world of reflection for a moderate lifetime.

We must, therefore, refer our readers to this enormous volume itself, to describe which fully defies our limits. On many points the editor rectifies old errors, and there is one connected with the salaries of Members of Parliament, which it may not be inappropriate to notice just now. These salaries were paid as early as Edward the First. Under the reign of the fourth Edward borough members were paid 2s. a day, knights of the shire double that sum, as being worth double the others in dignity, and the travelling expenses of both parties were defrayed. In present value, reckon those shillings as pounds, and you will at once see what a pretty living might be secured by a man with a vocation for law-making. Down to the year 1530 members, county members and burgesses who hated town life were given to absenting themselves and returning home before the session was closed. Important subjects might detain them, but mostly they took French leave, and inconvenience to the public service came of it. To remedy this, and to avoid the unseemliness of bringing up members compulsorily, it was enacted that any member who should absent himself without the permission of the Speaker, should thereby forfeit his wages. This, indeed, would be a boon to the place represented by the absentee, as the wages of the member were levied on his constituents. Andrew Marvell was the last English legislator who for his senatorial work received pay at the hands of his constituents.

A "general reader," casually opening this volume, would perhaps be puzzled to identify the personage who comes under notice some three dozen times at least as "the White Rose" and by other designations, and who claimed to be King of England, and to have a host of French, Lombards, English, Scotch and Irish at his back. He is rightly called Richard de la Pole, and is styled "Duke of Suffolk," a title which even his elder brother had resigned, and which was now borne by Charles Brandon. On a portion of the career of this pretender, if he may be so called, Mr. Brewer has thrown much light, derived from other sources than those he has so diligently examined in England. The story is quite a romance, as, indeed, the whole family history of the De la Poles is,—their mercantile origin, their being ennobled by Edward the Third, the deaths of the first four peers in exile, on the battle-field, or by the executioner. The fifth married Elizabeth, sister of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third;

and it was the son of this marriage, John, whom Richard, when childless, named as his heir to the Crown of England. John de la Pole fought for what may be considered his lawful inheritance at Stoke, which triumph of Henry the Seventh brought total ruin on the family. John's surviving brothers (their father died broken-hearted at the downfall of his house) were Edmund, Richard, Humphrey and Edward. The first, after awhile, was attainted; but he happened to fall into the power of Spain, and as Spain had induced Henry to murder young Warwick, son of Clarence, because of his nearness to a throne which Katherine of Aragon was to occupy by marriage, so now Spain betrayed the fugitive Edmund, who was heir to such prospects as King Richard had opened to his brother (that King's nephew) John, and Henry beheaded him with the utmost alacrity. This made of the next brother, Richard de la Pole, a pretender to the Crown; and Henry the Eighth was as eager to fling him under the axe as his father had been to destroy Edmund. Henry even thought to get hold of this royal fugitive by stipulating that his surrender should follow the marriage of his sister Mary with Louis the Twelfth. The French King, however, would not give up his guest. He did, however, diminish his pension from 36,000 crowns to 6,000, which Richard went to spend at Metz. The Lorainers called him *Rose Blanche*; he called himself King Richard of England; and his adherents in England, who loved his namesake, spoke of him as a valiant man who deserved to be a great captain. Meanwhile, however, he lived what would now be called a *fast* life at Metz. He had a passion for horse-racing, rode his own horses, and did not win a match. If this had been his only passion, and he had loved nothing less legitimate, there would not be much to object to in this Richard. But to support his magnificence he employed a goldsmith of Metz, named Nicolas; and Richard also loved the brightest jewel in the goldsmith's house—his wife Sybella. This jewel set herself on the Duke's bosom, and "banqueted" at the "Duke of Suffolk's" table, and caused great scandal and city commotion and dagger-drawing in the street. Ultimately, Richard consented to surrender Sybella, if Nicolas would promise neither to beat her nor say anything disagreeable to her on past events. The broken peace, however, could not be restored. The pretty traitress found means to rejoin the Duke, in the disguise of a vine-dresser. She had already robbed her good husband of some valuable jewelry, and, thus provided, the couple set up their household at Toul.

When France and England were at strife, Richard generally came to the surface. He fought under the French banner, and he lost no opportunity of talking with the English prisoners, flattering them and using them as agents. Accordingly, men on guard in England were "attempted." They were asked to give up the King's harness for a gentleman's; 6s. 8d. for 10s. pay; and when they had taken the oath secretly, they found that they were liegemen to the royal heir in King Richard's line of succession.

The Pretender turns up at all points. He is in France, Italy, Scotland; his presence is proclaimed, or that he was coming. Francis the First promised aid, asked for it from others, and thought to seduce the Duke of Holstein into the confederacy by the bait of making his daughter the wife of Richard the Fourth of England, whenever De la Pole should get the Crown. Richard, no doubt, had spies in every direction; and his appearance at the head of an irresistible force was being continually

announced. Now, he was to appear on some point formerly belonging to the executed Duke of Buckingham, "where they would destroy men, women, and children," an equivocal method of raising a cry of "God save King Richard!" Anon he was to appear in Ireland at the head of a combined force of French and Italians, but the French archers and adventurers would not "brave the sea," though hundreds of Lombard arquebusiers were there to give them courage. Then, Scotland was desirous of employing De la Pole as a weapon against England. Albany declared that, with a competent force, and such a captain, Henry would soon be thrust out of England. But Surrey was not affrighted; and he bade Margaret of Scotland to take care how she offended her royal brother by good offices rendered to the Pretender. Dacre described De la Pole to the Scottish Queen Dowager as "one of the vilest scoundrels of the world." Mr. Brewer says, indeed, in his introduction, that the De la Pole conspiracy, supported by France and Scotland, might have been "mortal to the Cardinal;—dangerous at least, if not destructive, to the royal authority." We can only say that the Cardinal, as shown in some of the documents here catalogued, does not appear to have been of the same opinion; he regarded Richard and his confederates with that sort of indifference which is all the more profound from its being the result of wholesome precautions. The thing came to nothing. England ceased to be disturbed with the cry of "wolf!" Richard died in the service of France at the battle of Pavia, 1525, and his two brothers, Humphrey and Edward, died in England, scholars and gentlemen, without titles or ambition. The blood of the De la Poles, once so near the throne, may perhaps survive in very humble channels. All memorial of the greatness of the family seems to have perished save in the name of Suffolk Lane, near Upper Thames Street. There stood the palace where the descendants of the Hull merchant kept their state, as earls or dukes. Perhaps the most noteworthy circumstance connected with them is that the first duke married Alice, the granddaughter of Chaucer. If there be a De la Pole existing, he may be as proud of Alice as of Elizabeth Plantagenet.

The Law: What I have Seen, what I have Heard, and what I have Known. By Cyrus Jay. (Tinsley Brothers.)

"To the lawyers and gentlemen" with whom he has "dined for more than half a century at the old Cheshire Cheese Tavern, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, this work is respectfully dedicated by their obedient servant, Cyrus Jay," a septuagenarian attorney, who many years since made his *début* in literature with a memoir of his father, William Jay, the honourably remembered dissenting minister, of Bath. An attorney whose professional avocations have familiarized him with the courts and purloins of the Old Bailey, and whose legal friendships have been cultivated in the Fleet Street taverns, in which he has been a diner for more than fifty years, is not a person to whom we should look for much accurate information about the ways and habits of lawyers in the higher grades of their vocation. Neither is he a person whose literary shortcomings would necessarily occasion surprise, or justify any strong expression of disapprobation.

But though we opened Mr. Jay's book in a mood for such entertainment as might reasonably be looked for in its pages, and have no disposition to deal rigorously with a man no longer young, it is not in our power to speak in favourable terms of a volume which contains

several inaccuracies and numerous exhibitions of reprehensible temper. Of the things which he has seen, some are things which he saw imperfectly. Of the things which he has heard, some must have come to him from careless reporters. As for the matters which he has known, we can only say that their chronicler seems as likely to err through knowledge as ordinary mortals are apt to blunder through ignorance. Of Sir James Scarlett, who "had, in his hale and cheerful appearance, and in his bland manners, the look of an English country gentleman, but not that of a lawyer," Mr. Jay gives one or two unpleasant anecdotes, whose unpleasantness is aggravated by the mode in which they are told. That Sir James may have observed jocularly, "All tradesmen are rogues," is credible, but we cannot believe that this was his deliberate opinion of all retail dealers. Perhaps Mr. Jay's informant may have been right in saying that "Sir James paid all his tradesmen's bills himself once a week," though we are less inclined to credit the assertion than to think the matter unworthy of mention even in the diary of a confirmed gossip-monger. Nor are we disposed to accept Mr. Jay's story of Scarlett's rudeness to a gentleman of the Bar who offered the eminent advocate an attention which is thus noticed: "Just before the verdict was returned (after some deliberation by the jury), a poor barrister, not very clean either in his attire or hands, observing how exhausted Sir James appeared to be through his exertions, offered him a sandwich out of a dirty piece of paper. Sir James, who was a very proud man, instead of thanking the poor gentleman for the act of attention, gave him a contemptuous look, without deigning to speak a word to him." Doubtless Mr. Jay, who perhaps observed this scene at a respectful distance from the two counsel, misread the look with which the leader of the Bar expressed his thankfulness for a slight civility, which there was no need for him to decline with words. If Sir James acted as the book represents him to have done, his conduct was due to the insolence of a vain rather than the cold disdainfulness of a proud nature; but the anecdote, as Mr. Jay tells it, is no less incredible than disagreeable.

Of the wit of barristers and Judges in court Mr. Jay has no high opinion, thinking it often more remarkable for feebleness than originality; "but," adds the recorder of things reported, "I have heard that it is not so at the dinners on circuit." And as a sample of what pungent and brilliant things are said on especially happy occasions by the talkers of a bar mess, our attorney tells the following story, which may be considered a favourable specimen of what is new in the literature of this scrap-book:—

"Although there is a great deal of ill-feeling at the Bar, arising principally from envy, it is astonishing what a good dinner and good wine will effect. When an objection arises to any counsel who wishes to belong to a circuit, there is always some good-natured Queen's Counsel to propose, and some junior to second, the admission, which is sure to be granted. It happened on one of the circuits that a most respectable young man, who was a Jew, through being mistaken for a person of the same name, was blackballed. The next circuit he was again proposed, and it was stated that he was not the individual he was taken for, but that he had been at the university, and was a gentleman of some status in society. Before the ballot-box went round, a barrister, who desired that the candidate should be admitted, turned round to a young gentleman who had just been called to the Bar, and who by his personal appearance was evidently the son of a county gentleman, and after explaining to him how it was that the young Hebrew had not been admitted, asked him to vote for the Jew.

Putting his hands carelessly in his trousers' pockets, he said, "I shall do no such thing." "Why not?" "Well," said the young gentleman, "there are many Jews upon the mess already; and if we admit any more we shall have no pork, of which I am very fond: so I shall blackball him."

Mr. Jay gossips in this nice style about "lagnets" as well as lawyers. He tells us that St. John Long, the famous charlatan, was "of forbidding countenance, of hideous expression," and "was indicted some twenty-five years ago at the Old Bailey for the manslaughter of a Miss Cashin,"—two statements that will not establish the author's character for accuracy with readers who remember that St. John Long owed much of his influence over women to his fine figure and personal attractiveness, and that thirty-eight years have passed since his trial at the Old Bailey. Mr. Jay, on hearsay, tells something else about the quack of Harley Street which is not easily reconcilable with known facts. Having told how John St. John Long instructed an attorney to bring an action against one of two very beautiful sisters for a breach of promise of marriage, Mr. Jay continues:—"The writ was sent down to an attorney practising in Exeter, with instructions to serve a copy on the fair defendant. The attorney entrusted the service to a bashful lad who had just come into his office. The lad started off to the lady's lodgings, situated in a village two miles from Exeter, where he ascertained her address, and was informed of her beauty. He knocked at the door of a humble dwelling, which was opened by a beautiful girl (for the two sisters kept no servants), to whom the bashful lad said, 'Here is a copy of a writ for you, Miss,' and immediately left." At this point of Mr. Jay's narrative, we may express our surprise that the two ladies lived in so humble an abode, and kept no servant; for they were women moving in highly fashionable society, and one of the pair, Miss Penelope Smyth, subsequently Princess of Capua, was an heiress in possession of a large fortune that came to her from an uncle. "The eight days," continues the narrator, "for appearing to the writ having gone by, and no appearance having been entered, Mr. Paxton wrote down to the Exeter attorney for an affidavit of service, but, to his mortification, he received a reply that the bashful youth had served the wrong sister, and that, upon discovering the mistake, he had gone to serve the right lady, and found she had left her residence for Naples. Mr. St. John Long's writ had driven her there, where she got acquainted with and married the Prince of Capua. After this alliance she introduced her other sister to the Earl of Dinorben, an extremely wealthy nobleman, to whom she was soon united. Through these alliances the sisters' brother was introduced to Lord Tenterden, and married his lordship's daughter. Thus were these high marriages effected through the mistake in the service of a writ." Had Mr. Jay been aware that John St. John Long was a married man at the time when he is thus represented as preparing to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against the future Princess of Capua, Mr. Paxton's marvellous story would most likely have been omitted from this budget of apocryphal anecdotes. Apart from his medical charlatany, St. John Long was neither a despicable nor a dangerous person. A man of several accomplishments, though of a very defective education, he was to the last popular and highly respected in those high social circles to which he was introduced by his aristocratic patients; and there are persons who can testify that in more than one delicate case, which a common fortune-hunting scoundrel would have turned to pecuniary profit, he ex-

hibited a fine consideration for feminine weakness and an equally honourable disregard for his purely selfish interests. It is highly improbable that such a man,—affluent, married, and having amongst his numerous acquaintances a character which it was worth his while to preserve,—should have commenced legal proceedings which would have necessarily resulted in his humiliating exposure and expulsion from the houses of his patrons. It is still more improbable that, if he had thus persecuted a young lady of good social position, his aristocratic friends would have continued to countenance him, and after his death would have honoured him with the memorial that stands in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Of Mr. Jay's fresh contributions to legal *ana* we have no high opinion; but we have read with considerable diversion certain passages of his volume which bear so close a resemblance to passages in books of prior date, that they may not be produced as evidence of their writer's originality. Here is a case in point:—*The Law: What I have Seen, what I have Heard, and what I have Known* By Cyrus Jay.

"Chief Baron Thompson commenced his legal studies in an attorney's office, as also did Lord Wynford and Sir William Grant. Lord Thurlow was articled, together with Cowper the poet, to a solicitor near Bedford Row; and his predecessor, Lord Hardwicke, passed through the same ordeal. Dunning was in his father's office for some considerable time. Lord Macclesfield actually practised as an attorney. Lord Kenyon served his articles. Sir William Garrow passed some time in a solicitor's office, as did Sir Samuel Romilly. Lord Gifford was regularly articled, as also was Lord Lifford, Chancellor of Ireland, and Sir George Wood and Sir Francis Buller, very learned and distinguished judges. If we had to refer to eminent men *almost* of the present day, we should find little difficulty in pointing to some great names who have ascribed their success in life to the training they have received in attorneys' offices. The names of Wilde, Adolphus, Preston, the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce, the present Mr. Justice Montague Smith, and many others could readily be mentioned. Lord Brougham once *actually* declared in the Court of Chancery that, if he had to re-commence his legal studies, he would begin as a clerk in an attorney's office."

In Mr. Jay's behalf it may be observed, that in his Preface he "candidly confesses that he has been indebted for a few extracts to works which were not likely to come under the notice of mere general readers"; but the remarks that we have just made on his apparent plagiarisms

do not refer to passages which he prints as extracts, but to passages that appear in his volume without inverted commas or any allusion to the writers whose material he adopts as his own.

Another matter must be briefly noticed before we dismiss our old attorney to his favourite tavern. Some years since one of our present Judges—who, during his career at the Bar, earned the respect of his professional compeers, and since his elevation to the Bench has discharged the duties of his office with perfect efficiency—gave offence to Mr. Jay by certain utterances from his judicial seat. Years have passed during which the Judge's words have been ranking in the attorney's breast, and now he takes his revenge by publishing what he has heard, seen, and known about his enemy. "I will begin," says Mr. Jay, vindictively putting in print the gossip that he has picked up at the Cheshire Cheese, "with *what I have heard* told by several barristers. He (*i.e.* the Judge) was an auctioneer, who used to sell iron bedsteads at Islington, and ran away with a girl from a boarding-school, the daughter of a furrier." To which malevolent tattle we could reply by informing Mr. Jay that some of the brightest ornaments of the law, and very many of our most respected advocates, began life in humbler positions than the worthy gentleman who is reproached thus coarsely for the lowliness of his earlier fortunes, and for having, like Lord Eldon, made a runaway marriage. Having informed us that this detested Judge and ex-auctioneer, more than forty years since, earned an honest livelihood as secretary to a benevolent association, Mr. Jay continues, "And now as to *what I know*. He took a house in Mansfield Street, which had been occupied by the late Spring Rice, the first Lord Monteagle. Whenever *he*" [this "he" must refer to the Lord Monteagle, though by the structure of Mr. Jay's elegant sentences it would seem to apply to the detested Judge] "went to be re-elected at Cambridge, I always accompanied him. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of the Colonies. My brother-in-law always proposed *him*. The late Lord Justice Knight Bruce and Mr. Sugden (now Lord St. Leonards) were *his* opponents on several occasions. It was a large house, and I often dined with Spring Rice at it, but proportionately dull. *What I have heard. He*" [this "he," we presume, brings the detested Judge once more before the reader] "gave good dinners there, and also at his house in Edinburgh, which he hired for the sole purpose of being entitled to vote for that beautiful city. *What I know*. He got all the appointments in the gift of the Attorney-General Campbell—viz., the Post-Office, the Treasury and the Mint, and many others." Amongst the other places to which Lord Campbell's friend worked his way was the office which he still holds—to the satisfaction of the public no less than to the chagrin of our angry attorney, whose outburst of malignant temper does not diminish our respect for a gentleman concerning whom enmity can allege nothing worse than that he began the battle of life under disadvantageous circumstances, and married a young lady without the permission of her guardians. Of Mr. Jay's attack we can say nothing more lenient than that it is in harmony with the tone and spirit of his volume.

NEW NOVELS.

Dora. By Julia Kavanagh. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Kavanagh always writes things that are worth reading. In the present novel there are bits of descriptive life, household interiors, sketches of character, which are charming; but

the novel as a whole and as a story is exasperating. The reader becomes thoroughly provoked at the wilful weight of sorrow and suffering which the heroine has to bear—not from any dispensation of Providence, but by the entire absence of common sense in everybody concerned. The effect of the book is oppressive, and the process of reading it is anything but agreeable. The writing is good, the characters are cleverly drawn, but every personage in the book goes on in a series of elaborate mistakes and misunderstandings, which depress the reader till he grows angry at being so much affected by a mere story. This surely is a perverse method of using her power! Miss Kavanagh could, if she pleased, make her readers quite happy—it is a morbid fancy of hers to try to make them as uncomfortable as she is pleased to render her own characters. Dora is a beautiful girl, brought up in very poor circumstances; but she has a brother whom she adores, and who is to make all their fortunes. There is a pleasant, foolish little mother, a Frenchwoman, who is always playing at Patience with an old pack of cards; she is in bondage to a sister-in-law, a dreadful low-browed, sullen, shallow woman, a Mrs. Luan, who is a stupid, malignant fool: she is always making hideous patchwork and practising irritating economies. Mrs. Luan has one son, a handsome but dull Irish lad,—and her fear is, that her son John will fall in love with Dora and marry her. At first she schemes to prevent the marriage, for John is already deep in love with his cousin. They all live together. They have a far-away cousin, a rich man, with estates, picture-galleries, and a whole Kensington Museum of curiosities; he is a humorist in his way, and announces that he will leave his fortune to the relative who shall write the best descriptive catalogue of his works of art. There are only two competitors, — each cousins—Paul, and a certain Mr. Templemore. Paul is in love with a beautiful girl called Florence, who professes to love him; if he can succeed in the catalogue, Florence and wealth will be his. The other cousin succeeds, Paul fails, Florence marries another, and Paul dies. The whole of this home life is well done. Dora's love for her brother, her ardent assistance in the catalogue, her sorrow, are all genuine. Then there comes another phase. Dora is living at Rouen with her mother and the horrible aunt; they have lost the legacy from the cousin which had made them almost rich; and they have lost also the poor remnant that had been saved. A certain Dr. Richard comes on the scene; he is an eccentric Englishman, professing to be a physician. Miss Kavanagh's pictures of French life and interiors are always good, but they do not in this instance make the story pleasant. Dora's mother is ill from the shock of hearing the news of the total loss of all they possess. Dr. Richard is called in, and a curious friendship springs up on his side for Dora, and a deep, romantic love on hers. He is many years older than herself (Miss Kavanagh always ordains it thus). The family believe him to be poor. Mrs. Luan is afraid that Dora will marry him, and thus deprive them of the money she earns by drawing, and intrigues to prevent a match. But Dr. Richard loves somebody else, the beautiful Florence, who had been Paul's love, and who is now a wealthy widow; so the suffering of an unrequited attachment is added to Dora's other troubles. But all this the reader might bear; it is the agony subsequently piled up by the will of Miss Kavanagh that is aggravating and not in the least entertaining. Dora is persecuted about her cousin John; she becomes governess to Dr. Richard's daughter, and Dr. Richard is

Mr. Templemore, the cousin who wrote the catalogue and inherited the estate of the rich cousin. Then ensues a stupid intrigue of Mrs. Luan, who has changed her mind, to get Dora married to Mr. Templemore, and to which they fall victims. Mr. Templemore finds out he has been tricked, and suspects Dora of being a party to the deception. The love between them is now mutual, and they have the prospect of being quite happy; but now Dora rushes out of her husband's house and hides herself; her husband rushes after her to find her; cross-purposes, mistakes, misunderstandings, a belief that Dora is drowned, a tombstone raised over her, and confusion, wretchedness, repentance, and all kinds of unpleasant combinations, ensue. Dora arrives home as unexpectedly as she left; she is just in time to save the life of Eva, the child of her husband. He returns too, sees his wife sitting by the fire, asks no questions; embraces her; they forgive each other; upset a nice little plot that had been set on foot by Florence to take Dora's place,—and so ends this thoroughly uncomfortable novel.

Steven Lawrence, Yeoman. By Mrs. Edwards. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

"Yeoman" is an elastic term, that may comprehend persons so widely different in birth, nurture and station that they have little in common but the fact that they derive their subsistence from the personal care of their own land. Applicable to the farmer of a few ancestral acres who follows the plough-tail in hob-nailed boots and leather gaiters, it is also borne with arrogant humility as a designation of his social status by many a man of ample means and liberal culture, who, whilst taking rank with the minor gentry of his district, has no retinue of obsequious tenants nor an estate that would entitle him to "stand for his county." The yeoman may be anything, from the cultivator of a thousand acres, who gained his culture at a university and dines once in a while with his lord-lieutenant, to the uncouth owner of a patch of land, who does not presume to take his seat at a vestry-meeting until he has touched his forehead to the rector with respectful submissiveness. To one of the higher grades of this comprehensive class belonged the yeoman whose pride exceeded the pride of Lady Clara Vere de Vere in that he was too proud to care from whence she came. Young Lawrence doubtless had danced with Lady Clara at a hunt-ball, ere she fixed him with a vacant stare and slew him with her noble birth; and it may be taken for granted that the disdainful daughter of a hundred earls would not have stooped to seek her pastime with young Lawrence's contemptuous avenger had the foolish yeoman been a person whom she could not have received in her drawing-room. But Steven Lawrence is a yeoman of a lower grade, who would have seen no affront in an invitation to drink a glass of ale in my lord's butler's pantry. His people are Wesleyans, and even if he had been a member of the Established Church, he could scarcely have aspired to the office of parson's warden. His ways are those of humble industry; and on his return from South America—whence he has been brought by the influence of Katherine Fane's portrait—he continues to wear the dress and lead the life of a working farmer. "He was dressed," says Mrs. Edwards, describing one of his romantic interviews with Squire Hilliard's daughter, "in his accustomed yeoman fashion; not in any of the fashionable clothes made for him by Lord Petres' London tailor; a light velveteen suit, drab gaiters, a coloured handkerchief knotted round his throat,

a wide-awake hat with a bit of clover stuck in its ribbon; dressed no better, save in the fitness of his linen, than any of the well-to-do workmen or gardeners about the squire's grounds; but bearing, thought Katherine, in his handsome face and graceful 'savage' mien, far more of unconscious nobility than did young Lord Haverstock, or her own poor, pallid little lover, or even the Oxford-trained rector, with his ultra air of refinement and artificial voice and manner." But if Lawrence's suit is of velveteen, his nature is of the best silk velvet; and not many weeks pass after his return from Mexico ere Katherine Fane begins to repent the pains she has taken to secure him as a husband for her portionless cousin Dora, and learns to doubt whether she will be as happy after her appointed marriage with Lord Petres as she might be if circumstances would let her become Mrs. Lawrence of the Ashcot Farm. With more common sense, however, than she displays at later points of the drama, Katherine continues in her resolve to be a peeress, and determines not to lower herself in the world's esteem and cause a scandal by exchanging her noble lover for the tawny farmer. And finding that he has no chance of winning Katherine, whom he loves, the heroic yeoman weds her cousin Dora, for whom he cherishes no tenderer sentiment than disdainful compassion; and after the celebration of his nuptials with Squire Hilliard's niece in the presence of an august assembly of county magnates, he allows his frivolous doll of a wife to carry him off to Paris, and squander his money on dress and gaieties as though he were a millionaire instead of the owner of a single farm. The later parts of the story record the miseries of the yeoman's life with Dora, who, after a vain attempt to endure the monotony of a Kentish farm, prevails on her wretched husband to take her again to Paris, where she plunges into social festivities with friends of questionable respectability, and concludes a brief holiday of extravagance and unseemly dissipations by running away with an adventurer named Clarendon Whyte, from whose hands she is, however, rescued at the very moment of his triumph by the intervention of Katherine, who informs the little simpleton that her lover is no gentleman, but the son of an Oxford Street hatter. On this discovery, Dora abruptly turns away from Clarendon Whyte, and after an ineffectual attempt to obtain pardon of her misconduct from her injured husband, dies of consumption, greatly to the relief of her friends. After Dora's death the reader, whom past experience has so habituated to surprises that he can no longer be astonished by anything, is well content that Katherine should dismiss Lord Petres to the care of his physicians and French cook, and become the bronzed yeoman's second wife. "Why speak of other things?" says the writer of this marvellous history—"of the world's surprise,—of Mrs. Dering's horror? even of Lord Petres' letter of congratulation, in which personal regret and desire for Katherine's happiness were so generously expressed, so delicately blended?" We quite agree with Mrs. Edwards that there is no need to speak a single word about such matters. What the world may have thought, and what Lord Petres may have written, about Katherine's final choice of a husband, are affairs of perfect indifference to the reader, who, on coming to the close of the story, has no wish for an extension of the narrative which has held his attention to no satisfactory result.

The Wild Gazelle; and other Tales. By C. F. Armstrong. 3 vols. (Newby).

"In the month of January, in the year —, one of those beautiful and graceful specimens of art and nautical skill, an English schooner yacht, might have been seen pursuing her course for the harbour of Genoa. . . . The keen eye of the sailor saw in her breadth of beam, her clean run fore and aft, her elongated bow and exquisitely proportioned spars, a splendid specimen of a noble sea-going boat, and such the Wild Gazelle was well known to be. Walking the deck of the schooner, with a telescope in his hand, was a remarkably fine young man eight or nine and twenty years of age, Commander Percy Devereux of the Royal Navy, who was the owner of the Wild Gazelle." There are adventures, hair-breadth escapes, lovely countesses, designing Jesuits, convents, reluctant nuns, assassins, sea caves, lonely woods, and villains of every shade of blackness,—one of whom exclaims to the hero, "Proud, accursed Englishman, to you I owe this deadly stain upon an untarnished name; die, accursed heretic as you are!" and drawing a pistol from his breast, he levels it full in the face of the young man. Percy seizes his opponent's wrist, and with a terrible wrench which extorted a groan of agony from the Italian, he tore the pistol from him and hurled it far over the flowery scene before them." After this there are adventures, in which the Wild Gazelle, Percy Devereux and the infurated Italian above mentioned play conspicuous parts. In the end, of course, the hero is triumphant. The other stories are 'The Red Felucca' and 'The Sea Robbers,' which are exciting enough for all readers who care for tales about robbers and smugglers, especially when they are Italian.

Essays on the Political History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Jules van Praet. Edited by Sir Edmund Head, Bart. (Bentley.)

As pieces of historical writing, these Essays are wanting in grasp and clearness, their generalizations are often hasty, and their narrative does not impress us with any sense of power. It is in historical portraiture that they excel. The characters of Louis the Eleventh, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, Philip the Second, Granville, and Richelieu, are all of them masterly. So long, too, as the events with which M. van Praet has to deal may be referred to any characteristic of the sovereigns or statesmen who occupy the chief place on his canvas, he shows a skill in grouping which contrasts favourably with his general weakness of composition. The thirty years which he has passed in the service of a sovereign whose influence on European politics was far from being measured by the smallness of his kingdom, have given M. van Praet a useful familiarity with the mechanism of personal government. Gibbon found that his service in the Hampshire militia enabled him to judge of ancient tactics better than Salmasius or Casaubon. As secretary and minister of the household to the late King of the Belgians, M. van Praet can understand the difficulties which beset the rulers of Europe, and can appreciate their political action, better than if he had been a student in Belgian archives, and had calendared the documents of Simancas. The very deficiency of study and practice which he so modestly confesses, imparts their value to his Essays. Other men have studied the works of the new Belgian school of historians, and Macaulay and Motley have made most readers familiar with William the Third and Philip the Second. But in reading M. van Praet we feel ourselves behind the

scenes, and we are introduced to men as they actually were while they got up the parts which they went on the world's stage to play. We do not think M. van Praet a very good judge of the action of the drama. The green-room lounging is generally inferior as regards the drama to the critic in the front row of the pit. But then he knows all about the actors; and if he is told that they do not carry out the poet's intention, he can account for their shortcomings.

If we compare M. van Praet's portraits with those of any great historian, we are confirmed in this opinion. Mr. Motley's character of Granville, for instance, is far more brilliant than M. van Praet's; and the same may be said of Mr. Motley's Philip the Second. Yet in the one case we have the character painted from without, the character as it appears in action, and as it is seen by the trained glance of one who looks on the whole period, and reproduces every feature in its just proportion. In the other case, the painting is much less attractive, and we do not catch the *traits* of the man with the same distinctness. But the probability is, that Mr. Motley has transmuted the actual Granville into a work of art.—M. van Praet has reproduced him as he was. The abatement made by M. van Praet from Macaulay's estimate of James the Second is equally significant of the principle on which M. van Praet's own estimates are constructed. He does not so much wish to paint a figure which the reader will seize upon for its lifelike qualities, as to trace the actual springs that moved each prominent character, and to find in them, if possible, some explanation of the turn events have taken. Historical essays written on this plan may be wanting in attractiveness, and M. van Praet's are, as he remarks of Richelieu's Memoirs, "from their length sometimes monotonous." But there are passages which make amends for the rather dead level of the whole work, and in them M. van Praet rises to the height of his theme, carrying his readers with him.

The description of Cardinal Richelieu's administration, in the fourth essay, is perhaps the part of this book on which we should look with most favour. We have already praised the character of Richelieu; a quotation from it will exemplify our criticism of M. van Praet, and will give a fair idea of his manner:—

"The life of Richelieu; the reserve which he maintained before he acquired the height of power; his guarded behaviour towards those who had it in their power to injure him without his being able to retaliate; his rigour towards such of his personal enemies as he was able to reach; his care not to create new adversaries; his large views and his minute precautions; his natural severity; his insensibility, which was more evident when he was menaced, ill, or unfortunate; his anxiety the day after he had shed the blood of an adversary; the care he took of his dignity at such times when his conduct might compromise him; the precision which he brought to bear on the execution of an idea which was bold or somewhat immoral,—everything in his career proves the firmness, exactness, and courage of his mind, and the lukewarm character of his feelings. His jealousies were never vulgar or blind; he was not afraid of employing and favouring men of position, reserving to himself the right of crushing them if they were rebellious or unfathful. He removed or sacrificed those who might have ruined his credit or menaced his life; not those who could serve him with distinction and even with glory. What is so remarkable in him is the power and resolution of a great intellect, plunging at once calmly and fearlessly into the vast and complicated future of a bold policy; while he saw with a glance, as comprehensive as it was just, the distance of the goal, and the obstacles on the road. As soon as he had become powerful, he revealed his designs; he negotiated with the United Pro-

vinces, and manifested his true sentiments with regard to Spain. What distinguished his genius was, that his audacity was tempered by rule and by reflection; the energy of this enterprising spirit, and the activity of this suffering body, were governed by cool calculation and by reason. The union of qualities which he possessed—his mind at once indomitable and prudent, bold and watchful—justly places him very high in the admiration of the world as one among the men who have exercised most influence on the destinies of a great country."

As a rule, the translation of the Essays has been fairly executed. We are reminded more than once that it is a translation; and in one place, at least, full justice has not been done to the author's meaning. There is something very clumsy in this sentence:—"Everything great which has been called into existence by the hand of God, and destroyed soon after by the folly of man, allows the imagination to conceive the continuation of its grandeur, with all its consequences." And what are we to understand by the statement that the feudal system was generalized in France and England? It would be possible to pick out other instances where the French idiom has been too literally followed, and where the result is equally unfortunate. But in revenge, as a translator would say, there are some happy turns of phrase which are not found in the original; and the blemishes may be ascribed to an oversight naturally induced by the tempting ease and flow of the French language.

Some Account of the Citizens of London and their Rulers from 1360 to 1867. By B. B. Orridge. (Tegg.)

Mr. Orridge, who is a member of the Common Council of the ward of Cheap, the most famous perhaps of all the London wards, has written a capital little volume on that city which Lord Brougham, in fit of generous enthusiasm, once described as "the cradle of all our great establishments, and of the civil and religious liberties of the land."

The writer's purpose seems to have been twofold. In the first place, he wished to make known a certain number of facts which he had collected about the famous families connected with the City and its affairs, for the sake of historical truth; and, in the second place, he considered that a better knowledge of these facts would tend to create a higher appreciation of the City than now exists among the public at large. In both respects, Mr. Orridge will probably obtain a share of the success which he desires. Many of his new facts are curious; some are important; and his book is, of its kind, a good one.

The list of families, now of the higher classes, who began with trade and city dignities, is larger than many persons suppose. To mention only a few of the more illustrious. Earl Canning and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe came from Alderman Canyne; the Earl of Lovelace from Alderman Loke; Earl Stanhope from Robert Pakington and Alderman Barnham; the Earl Fitzwilliam from Alderman Fitzwilliam; the Earl of Gainsborough and Lord Byron from Alderman Hicks; the Dukes of Beaufort and Bedford from Sir Josiah Child; Lord Palmerston from Alderman Barnard; Earl Nelson and Lord Kimberley from Alderman Boleyn; Lord Chatham and Lord Melbourne from Alderman Leigh; the Dukes of Marlborough, Leeds and Berwick from Alderman Bond; Earl Cowper from Alderman Cowper; the Marquises of Exeter and Salisbury from Alderman Coke; Lord Cranborne from Alderman Gascoyne; the Duke of Somerset from Alderman Wall; the Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle from Alderman Beckford; and the Marquis of Hertford

from Alderman Shorter. This list is large, and it might be greatly extended. Enough is quoted to show that our blue blood has run very freely from the heights about Cornhill and Capel Court. If a long family connexion with the aristocracy can save the City, it may certainly count on being saved.

The connexion of Lord Bacon with the City is made out by a double line; and it is in clearing up the Bacon pedigree that Mr. Orridge has done his best service to literature. Bacon was connected with the City on both his father's side and his mother's side; and, in fact, the closeness of this connexion had previously been overlooked. The blood of half a dozen sheriffs and aldermen appears to have flowed in his veins.

The point is worth a little detail. It is a good illustration of the rapid accumulation of our knowledge of the Elizabethans, that we have now a better acquaintance with Bacon's pedigree than either Mr. Spedding or Mr. Dixon possessed when he wrote the account of Bacon's birth. In all future memoirs of our great Chancellor the new facts will need to be noticed.

Ann Cooke (Ann Coke, Mr. Orridge calls her), the mother of Francis Bacon, was the daughter of Sir Antony Cooke and Ann Fitzwilliam; the first, a great-grandson of Alderman Cooke, the second, a daughter of Alderman Fitzwilliam. Ann's mother was a daughter of Sheriff Hawes. Thus, on his mother's side alone, the great Chancellor was descended from Alderman Cooke, Alderman Fitzwilliam and Sheriff Hawes. On his father's side, it now appears that he had an uncle engaged in trade and high on the City bench. James, a younger brother of the fat Lord Keeper, was an alderman of London in the year 1568,—a fact which has been heretofore overlooked by Lord Bacon's biographers; and the restoration of whom to the family group may help very much to clear up some mysteries in Francis's domestic life. For example, the whole question of Bacon's marriage is involved in doubt; and traducers of his fame, like Lord Campbell, have not scrupled, in their ignorance and malice, to accuse the young barrister of selling his prospects to a stranger for a price. This groundless charge has been met by refuting facts; but still, the reason for Francis Bacon going into the City for a wife, and finding one in the Barnham-Pakington family, had not been fully traced. It is now made clear. The existence of uncle James explains the whole mystery. This uncle James, alderman of the City, had married a daughter of Humphrey Pakington, who was a brother alderman in the City. Thus, the Bacons and Pakingtons had come to be connected by the closest ties; and when Sir John Pakington became the step-father of Benedict Barnham's four girls, he brought them, so to speak, into the Bacon circle, in which Francis would naturally see his future bride. Alice Barnham had, in fact, become a connexion of his own some time before she became his wife.

This fact is not the only curious point brought out in these City pedigrees. Mr. Orridge has some reason to believe that Thomas Cooke, draper, of the city of London, in 1450, was an ancestor of Alderman Cooke, who was in turn the ancestor of Sir Antony Cooke. Now, this Thomas Cooke, draper, was the friend and agent of Jack Cade the rebel; and, if Mr. Orridge's belief should turn out to be right, the friend and agent of Jack Cade was not only the ancestor of Bacon and Cecil in Elizabeth's time, but, among others, of our present Duke of Beaufort, our present Marquises of Exeter and Salisbury, our present Lords Fitzwilliam, Burghley and Cranborne. We hope Mr. Orridge will pursue his inquiries and prove his case. Such a proof would help a certain number of

our weak brethren to see a little more honesty than they are now disposed to find in Cade.

Altogether, we have to thank Mr. Orridge for a careful and useful book.

History of Biblical Literature and of Jewish-Hellenistic Writings, treated Historically and Critically—[*Geschichte der biblischen Literatur und des jüdisch-hellenistischen Schriftthums*, von Dr. Julius Fürst]. Vol. I. (Williams & Norgate.)

Jewish scholars have not written much in recent times about the early parts of the Bible. For some reason or other Herzfeld confined himself to the later portions of the Biblical history, and Graetz has left the beginning of his work till the end. It is therefore an unexpected and welcome thing when Dr. Fürst undertakes to give a summary view of the Old Testament history and literature. Although he does not belong to the class of critics represented by Zunz, Geiger and Herzfeld, he is a man of learning and reflection, whose pen is ever ready to enrich literature. The present work attempts to give in a popular style, briefly and lucidly, a rapid survey of the old Israelite national literature. It differs therefore from the large book of Ewald on the same subject, which is for scholars rather than general readers. The volume already published comes down to the death of Joshua, presenting results of criticism rather than the processes by which they are reached.

Of the manner in which the author has performed his task we cannot but speak approvingly. He writes clearly; his sections are brief, unencumbered with superfluous matter, and his references to sources pertinent. Over a very difficult and important field he passes like a scholar who knows what has been written on the same subjects before, and can appreciate what is valuable. That he has been influenced by Ewald's *Geschichte* is plain; but he is no implicit follower of any one, and judges independently for himself. The reader is carried along pleasantly and profitably by the critic, who discusses the old national records and history from his own point of view. What that point of view is, he intimates in the Preface. It is not extreme rationalist, neither is it orthodox and conservative. Like most Jewish scholars of the present day, Fürst is a free-thinking Israelite, who is far from taking the Pentateuch records as literal history. Allowing myths and legends, he does not resolve everything into them, but acknowledges a vein of authentic history running through them, which the philosophical and critical historian may clearly detect. The book will be branded by a large class in this country with an ugly name, although the author sets about his task in the spirit of a scholar, and speaks with reverence of the Mosaic literature.

We cannot pretend to give a summary of the contents of a book which will interest intelligent readers of all classes. The perusal of it can hardly fail to suggest new ideas and open up new views to the majority of those not conversant with Hebrew criticism. The author discourses freely of the transactions recorded in the first five books of the Bible; touches upon chronology, geography, the Hebrew language, poetry and prophecy; adduces the critical results arrived at by modern scholars, travellers and antiquaries to throw light upon the Bible; and, without turning aside from the main points, frames a continuous narrative which does not fatigue. Here the patriarchs and Moses are described on the basis of the Pentateuch in such a manner as they appear to an educated Jew of the nineteenth century. The laws of Moses are distinguished and separated. The plagues in Egypt, the passage through the Red

Sea, and other miraculous events are resolved into natural things.

We observe that the author adopts the two-document hypothesis, supposing the Elohim document to be the groundwork, and the Jehovah one a supplement or enlargement,—an hypothesis exposed to weighty objection. In this respect he has got no further than Tuch; but he assumes many minor documents within this range, following in the wake of Ewald. With regard to the question of documents incorporated in the Pentateuch, Fürst is not a critic whose opinions the reader should adopt. In other respects, too, his guidance would be unsafe, as in the etymologizing explanation of proper names, and the translations of passages of Scripture. Thus in page 101, Genesis vi. 3 is incorrectly rendered. Occasionally he corrects the Hebrew by the Samaritan text, as in Genesis xi. 31, 32, where the former is right. But with all the faults of the work, and they are many, we believe that its perusal may be safely recommended to thoughtful readers. It is certainly the best book which the author has published. In the province of the half-learned, half-popular, he is more at home than in Bibliography or even Lexicography, however valuable have been his labours in the latter. Had he been less influenced by Ewald's views in some places of this volume, he would have done better; but where he has done so well on the whole, it would be unjust to complain. It is superfluous to state that English scholars are ignored. Like almost all Germans, he does not know of works published in this country, which are as worthy of attention as many referred to merely because they are German. We hope that the author may not have the bad taste, to use no stronger phrase, to hurt the feelings of Christians, and run counter to their cherished opinions by speaking of Christ and his Apostles as Graetz has done in his history of the Jews.

History of England during the Early and Middle Ages. By Charles H. Pearson, M.A. 2 vols. (Bell & Daldy.)

As giving a preliminary insight into the author's purposes and tendencies in writing this contribution to English history, we cannot do better than borrow a few lines from the Prefatory remarks to his first volume:—"His first object," he says, "in compiling this book has been to give the last results of inquiry into the Early History of England. Since Hume wrote, but especially during the last thirty years, scholars and antiquarians, following in the steps of Sir F. Palgrave and Mr. Kemble, have almost remodelled our conceptions of Anglo-Saxon and Norman times. There are no signs as yet that the field is worked out; and until our private charters have been collected and printed, an exhaustive History of England can never be produced. Meanwhile, we must use the knowledge we have as we can; and even an imperfect theory of the connexion and interdependence of events may be better than none at all. The only parts of the present volume that differ from the views generally recognized by scholars are the chapters which concern the perpetuity of Roman influences through Saxon times, and those which describe the results of the Norman Conquest... Perhaps my estimate of the Middle Ages, which is rather more favourable than that commonly taken, has been coloured by the same tendency to believe in growth rather than in sudden and violent revolutions. It is difficult to study a literature and laws that are as English as our own in spirit and purpose without feeling that we have inherited good as well as evil from the past... That this work only aims at being a

text-book will be obvious to all students of history."

It is to this latter fact, no doubt, that we must attribute the absence of dates, comparatively speaking, throughout the work,—the only real want that has at times suggested itself to us while going over its pages.

Of the earliest inhabitants of Britain it is very nearly as difficult to speak in the way of surmise even, as with positiveness. Mr. Pearson, however, relies, no doubt, upon the best of authority in remarking that the disinterments from their still-existing barrows seem to indicate that its first settlers were a Mongolian race. Stunted in stature and low in intellect, they fell a prey, he thinks, to invaders, stronger men, with better arms, who slew some, and drove others to the hills. The memory of them not improbably survived in the popular legends, shared by England with every other country of Europe, of a once-existing "race of dwarfs, armed with stone-tipped arrows, acquainted with hidden treasures, and mostly keeping aloof from the haunts of common men. These are probably the last of these dispossessed shepherds, whom the sons of their conquerors had learned to regard without hostility, and yet as other than themselves." To which we may add, as our own suggestion, that if the equally world-wide legends as to the former existence of gigantic dragons, serpents, and "worms," have any real basis of truth, they may possibly have been so many traditions of the palaeozoic period handed down to us through these men of the stone age.

Coming down to somewhat more accessible times, we note the following passage:—"There is some question whether Frisian or Saxon tribes were not settled on the eastern coasts of Britain before the landing of Cæsar. This theory rests chiefly on the supposed Germanic names of two tribes, the Coritavi and the Catieuchlani; on a remark of Tacitus that the Caledonians were large-limbed and red-haired, like the Germans; on the title 'Comes Littoris Saxonici,' given to the Roman officer who governed the littoral from the Wash to the Adur; and on the fact that the Saxons in the fifth century seem to have found a kindred people already established in East Anglia, since no conquest of that district is on record."

In some support of this view we think might be added the name "Anderida" (now Pevensey), given to the southern extremity, or limit, of the *Littus Saxonum*. There can hardly be a doubt that it is a name of Saxon origin, and that the Saxon word *ende* (extremity) enters into its composition. To compare trifling things with great, a parallel instance may perhaps be found in the fact that down to the Middle Ages the landing-place of the metropolis towards Westminster had "Anedethe" (the end hythe) for its name. Gaimar the Trouvere is not probably far wrong in making the Danes to have settled in the east of England some three centuries before the time generally assigned to the earliest of their predatory excursions to this country; and in a similar manner there seems a strong probability that some Saxons had settled on our south-eastern coasts at no very distant period after the landing of Julius Cæsar. It was either Saxons or Belgæ, too, that probably gave its name to the *Portus Itius*, on the other side of the Channel, near Calais, from which Cæsar sailed—"itius" being a Latinized form apparently of "huit," or "wit," (white) an appellation which has been preserved in the name "Witsand," corruptly "Wissant," (white sand), which it bears down to the present day.

In the Second Chapter, though we do not leave speculation, we come to history—the Roman Invasion, a subject obscured beneath

a cloud of difficulties which the learned of many generations have been trying in vain to penetrate. Mr. Pearson is of opinion that neither Hythe nor Pevensey was on either occasion the place of Cæsar's landing.

The summary of testimony, disjointed and miscellaneous though it may be, as ably put together in the chapter on the Early British Church, seems to us to be little less than conclusive in support of the view of there having existed in England a Pre-Augustinian Christian church—"A missionary establishment," as our author says, "chiefly working among the native tribes, having little influence among the Romanized populations of the towns, and perhaps not even derived from a Roman original. Its wealth would be small, its buildings consequently few, and its proselytes, at once from poverty and national custom, would leave no funeral inscriptions behind them."

In the following passage from the chapter on 'The Saxon Conquest,' a notion is ably confuted which has hitherto been prevalent. The Celtic race in this country, never a dense population, became fused and soon lost sight of, among the hordes that from the fourth century, if not from an earlier date, in ever-increasing numbers, were descending upon the British coasts:—

"The common belief, that the Keltic population of Britain was exterminated or driven into Wales or Britany by the Saxons, has absolutely no foundation in history. It probably originated with the Welsh, who confounded the position of their ancestors, as premier tribe under Vortigern, with the occupation of the island. The mistake is as if we should suppose that the Silures, under Caractacus, were the whole British people. . . . We hear of great slaughters by the Saxons on their bloody battle-fields, but no massacres after the fight, except in the single case of Anderida. . . . We know, by the complaints of Welsh poets, that a race of Romanized Britons, whom they call Lloegrians, took part with the invaders against their Keltic kinsmen; and we cannot suppose that the Saxons would cut the throats of their allies after the war. The object of the races who broke up the Roman empire was not to settle in a desert, but to live at ease, as an aristocracy of soldiers, drawing rent from a peaceful population of tenants. Moreover, coming in small and narrow skiffs, the conquerors could not bring their families with them, and must in most cases have taken wives from the women of the country. . . . These probabilities are confirmed by facts that meet us on every side. The political division of hundreds belonged to the Germans, in the time of the earliest Frank kings, and probably indicates in England what number of Saxons settled in a conquered district. Now here we find as a rule that the number is always greatest in maritime countries, and smaller as we advance inland and westward. Sixty-six in Kent and seventy-two in Sussex contrast strongly with six in Lancashire, five in Staffordshire, and seven in Leicestershire. . . . Evidently the sea rovers settled chiefly in the parts which the sea washed, and which they had first fought for and won, leaving the heart of the country to a more gradual process of military colonization by their sons."

The singularly low view taken by Mr. Pearson of Alfred's powers and acquirements, despite his zeal for learning, has at least the merit of novelty:—"He himself was probably unable to read or write to his last days, though he repeatedly put himself under masters, and perhaps got so far as to attach a certain sense to the words in the little book of prayers which he carried about him." But if Alfred's mental calibre was so limited as this, if he could do no more than "attach a certain sense," &c., we really are at a loss to understand how our historian in the next page can award him the meed of at least fair literary merit as an author:—"Above all, Alfred served in the great army of learning

himself as a translator. His translations do not pretend to servile accuracy; sometimes he expands to explain a difficulty, or inserts a fuller account from his own knowledge, or from the report of travellers at his court; more often he epitomizes, as if he were giving the pith of a paragraph that had been just read out to him. . . . The historical and ethical character of the King's mind is apparent in his choice of authors. A translation of Gregory's 'Pastoral Care' was executed by the King in partnership with his bishops."

We remark the statement in page 221, without any qualification, that Edmund Ironsides died in London. Setting aside the question whether or not he was murdered by Eadric Streona, there seems to be in reality no good authority for this assertion. Henry of Huntingdon says that he died at Oxford. The Anglo-Saxon chronicle is silent on the matter, and though Florence of Worcester does name London, it is owing to a misconception of the meaning of the Saxon Chronicle, which he is evidently translating. Wendover agrees with Henry of Huntingdon, and Gaimar the Trouvere implies that he was not in London at the time of his death—which had been left in Cnute's possession—as he tells us that the news of Edmund's death was brought to Cnute there.

In his estimate of the Conqueror, despite the spirit of careful research which he here displays in a very marked degree, we are inclined to think that Mr. Pearson has taken, on the whole, a somewhat too favourable view of his character, and has barely done justice to Harold. He finds an excuse for the submission of our Richard the First to the Emperor into whose hands he had fallen, by doing formal homage for all his possessions, as "only a diplomatic stratagem by a man who had fallen among thieves." There seems to us hardly a whit less of excuse for Harold in the case of the oath which was extorted from him by trickery and duress, when stress of weather had thrown him into the hands of the Count of Ponthieu, and at the mercy of the Norman Duke.

Mr. Pearson's Second Volume comprises the reigns of John, Henry the Third, and Edward the First. With an increasing abundance of historical materials at hand, these reigns are treated on a more extended scale. It seems difficult to make a distinction, but the reign of John, to our thinking, is among the most valuable portions of the work, the chapter on Magna Charta being of especial merit. The same, too, may be said of the closing chapter of each volume,—"Anglo-Norman Society," and "The English Church of the Thirteenth Century." In his next edition it will be incumbent upon him to rectify an oversight, by striking out the word "Dauphin" in (Vol. II.) pages 97 and 102. It is an anachronism, as there was no Dauphin of France till one hundred and forty years later, 1356. In the cause of uniformity, too, the "Earl" of Lincoln (p. 175) might just as well be styled Earl, and not "Count," in page 160; and the "Count" of Chester be called, in pages 148, 160, by his proper title of Earl.

And, while we throw out these trifling suggestions, we are reminded of the only fault of any appreciable magnitude that we have met with in the book. In ten instances we find Mr. Pearson quoting 'The History of Ingulfus' as his authority; in two of them (I. pp. 367, 368), if not more, as his sole support for certain positions which he assumes; while in one instance (I. p. 377) the assumption "that the Domesday Commissioners favoured a monastery by rating its possessions below their value and average," Ingulfus, though not named, is in reality the sole support for the assertion.

'The History of Ingulfus' is a clever but undoubted fiction of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; an impudent fabrication, to all appearance, by the Croyland monks for patching up a defective title. Its genuineness and authenticity were first questioned more than a century ago; and in the last ten or twelve years the subject has received increased attention. In the *Archæological Journal* for March, 1862, both the History and the Charters of Ingulfus have been dissected at considerable length; and, though in some parts an interesting compilation, the book, as an historical authority, is altogether worthless.

We have endeavoured to give a fair sample of what the author, with somewhat of diffidence, calls "a text-book" only, but of what we deem to be, under whatever name, a valuable contribution to the early history of this country. He has brought evidently a very extensive knowledge to bear upon the manifold branches of his subject, great powers of research, and, as his notes and quoted authorities abundantly testify, a patient determination that, if possible, no inference of his own shall be proffered without adequate support. It is fortunate alike for himself and his readers that Mr. Pearson has had the opportunity of giving those powers such ample scope, in an accumulation of historical materials which much less than a century ago he would have had in vain to seek for. Not the least of the merits of the Records and Rolls publications is the fact that they have given birth to so excellent a book as this; and, indeed, this is not saying too much in their behalf, for there is hardly a page, in the second volume more especially, that does not proclaim in its notes and references that it is mainly to that Government Library of Historical Knowledge that it is indebted for the matter which confers upon it its highest value.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Leon Faucher.—Vol. I. *Correspondance.*—Vol. II. *Vie Parlementaire.* (Paris, Amyot.)

FAUCHER was once a name of some power, and one respected even by the adversaries of him who bore it. The late Leon Faucher was a Limousine, and belonged altogether to this century. He was born under the Consulate in 1803, and he died at Marseilles in 1854. In this life of little more than half a century, he had seen the first Republic give way to the Empire; the Empire fall through destructive ambition; the Bourbons restored with royalty; that Bourbon royalty fall by its own folly; an Orleans dynasty, a King with republican institutions; a second Republic sweeping away this hybrid royalty; and finally Louis Napoleon swearing to sustain it, and subsequently crushing it out to build up a second Empire. Amid all these changes Faucher pursued his honourable career. The College of Toulouse remembers her distinguished pupil with proud affection. He had scarcely attained his majority when he was actively engaged both as a private tutor and in the public press. He made his mark in two editorships, that of the *Temps* and of the *Courrier Français*, but it was his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on financial questions which gave his name the eminence which it continues to enjoy. In the Parliament of Louis Philippe's reign, M. Faucher represented Rheims. He was a keen opponent of the Doctrinaires generally, but of M. Guizot especially. The sleek, respectable, hypocritical, and corrupt policy of the Doctrinaire ministers, Faucher denounced with vehement earnestness. In the National Assembly which arose out of the fall of the Monarchy he had a seat, and under Louis Napoleon he had a place,—the important post of Minister of the Interior. When the grand piece of jugglery took place which turned the republic into an empire, M. Faucher was offered to be made a Senator. He might have sat all day in gold embroidery, be addressed in high-sounding titles, and

"touch" a good many thousands a year, and all for voting independently, according to imperial inspiration and ministerial suggestion: but by this time M. Faucher had had enough of it. He found France going more rapidly down the slide to ruin than when the first Napoleon was abusing victory and exhausting France. Faucher withdrew into private life; worn out, but of good heart; with death threatening, but with gallant hopefulness. He died at the period we have stated, but he will live if not in universal memory, at least in the pleased and grateful remembrance of those who read this history of the politician, philosopher, and man of the world, and who may learn therefrom what a noble man died when Léon Faucher was gathered to his fathers.

English Statesmen since the Peace of 1815. By T. E. Kebbel. (Bemrose & Sons.)

It is said in the preface to this book that the papers which compose it were written for cheap and popular magazine; that the editor of that cheap and popular magazine did not choose to insert them; and that they were consequently handed over to Messrs. Bemrose, who have made them into a book. On the title-page there is a different statement; namely, that these sketches of recent "English Statesmen" were "intended originally for the use of mechanics' institutes," which implies that the papers were first composed as lectures. Either way, Mr. Kebbel seems to place but little value on his work; which consists of slight sketches and estimates, generally favourable and good-natured, of Castlereagh, Canning, the Iron Duke, Palmerston, Lords Russell and Derby, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. In the only note which occurs in the volume, the author says that recent events require many additions to be made; adding, however:—"I regret to say that I have had no time to make any such additions to the volume, and that as it falleth, there it must lie." A judicious reader will bear that note in mind.

On the Wing. By Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico. Translated by A. M. Lushington. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

The amiable author of this account of travel never intended it for publication. In his opinion, it was not worth such distinction. It contains the "jottings" of a voyage to Greece, made when he was eighteen. The trip was purely one of pleasure, and it was performed in very pleasant company. A certain interest attaches to the sayings and doings of a man who met so terrible a fate,—the more so, perhaps, that the highest judicial authority in Mexico has pronounced the execution "unconstitutional." However this matter may stand, "On the Wing" is such a book as a boy of eighteen might write, and a boy or girl of the same age might read, with calm pleasure. There is nothing in it to offend—nothing new; the writer sees what he sees, and says so. And when he makes a reflection, it is not one of such profundity as to fatigue his wits, unless these were in a delicate condition. The book may excite little curiosity among persons who like to know how royal persons enjoy themselves; still, the making public what the princely author intended to be kept private seems a breach of delicacy, as well as of trust.

British Social Wasps: an Introduction to their Anatomy, Physiology, and General Natural History. With Illustrations of the Different Species and their Nests. By Edward Latham.

Ormerod, M.D. (Longmans & Co.)
THIS work is a labour of love by an intelligent Brighton physician in good practice and bad health. A recreation was prescribed to him; and he chose the study of wasps as not less interesting and much less common than the study of bees. He has produced a better introductory book than most of those written to the orders of publishers. Young men who have to begin the study of the membranous-winged insects will find a safe guide in Dr. Ormerod,—safe, we mean, in the sense of sound, and accurate in his physiology, and not in the sense of safety from stings; for the Doctor tells them they must love the wasps, and count on a few stings as matters of course. If Dr. Ormerod continues his studies until a second edition of his work is called for, he will have still more curious things to tell

about wasps; and perhaps, from the hints of friendly critics, he may have learnt that he has somewhat to improve in the arrangement of his materials, and a correct English style to acquire.

English Seamen under the Tudors. By H. R. Fox Bourne. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

FROM the North-American expeditions under Sebastian Cabot, the Bristolian of Venetian descent, to the taking of Cadiz under Essex and Howard, includes more than a century of heroic deeds and noble doers. Howard and Willoughby, Gilbert and Frobisher, Raleigh, Davier and Lancaster, Hawkins, Winter, Drake and Cavendish, Howard of Effingham, and his captains who hung on to the Armada,—these are only a few among the names which present themselves on the list of the naval heroes of Great Britain. Mr. Bourne has compiled two neat volumes of their adventures. In such a work there must necessarily be some sameness; but there is as little of it here as—even less than—could be expected. Various voyages had various objects; and the description of these gives some variety of detail. Mr. Bourne, we may add, believes that the sufferings and conduct of the Indians in Raleigh's second expedition, and the superstitious dread they entertained of the English as invulnerable and immortal men endowed with supernatural powers, suggested to Shakespeare, to whom the narrative is supposed to have been repeated, the character of *Caliban*. "Caliban," he says, "is evidently a variation upon *Canibal*, itself a perversion of *Caribbean*." Mr. Bourne prudently confesses, before making this remark, that his book "is no place for Shakespearean commentary." He is quite right.

The Ocean World: being a Descriptive History of the Sea and its Living Inhabitants. Chiefly translated from "La Vie et les Mœurs des Animaux," by Louis Figuer. Illustrated by Four Hundred and Twenty-Seven Engravings. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is of little consequence what particular work of M. Figuer is here freely translated; for all his publications are marked by the same features, although the one here rendered is rather more carefully made up than some of its predecessors. We had to expose his "World Before the Deluge" in its first edition, and others followed us in the same direction. But M. Figuer becomes cleverer in compiling, as most borrowers do in borrowing, even as most men do in their particular routine as they grow older and wiser. Making up books out of other men's discoveries is not the highest style of literary art, but it is unquestionably the most profitable, in the lowest sense. What can critics say of 600 pages of industrious compilation? Only that they seem to be industriously copied, and every separate piece as neatly patched into the whole work, as the several pieces in some of those parti-coloured counterpanes which pedestrians meet with in remote inns and in humble cottages. But the neat text-patches would avail little without the engravings. These are generally tolerable, and some, as the corallines, are good. One or two are laughably out of proportion, particularly the fest of a gigantic cuttle-fish caught by a French corvette, in which the cephalopod is nearly as big as the ship. All the subjects of the plates are common—to familiar and hackneyed. Why not select new or less known objects? Why, for instance, insert a common and vulgar sketch of *Fishing for Mackerel* off the Cornwall Coast? Again, in shells, why select the most familiar shells, such as commonly lie on our fire-place ledges, for engraving? A little judgment and knowledge in the objects selected would have greatly enhanced the value of the book, without much increasing its cost or its selling price.

M. Paul Baume's *Practical French Grammar and Exercises*, Part I. (Simpkin), is not short and simple enough to be practically useful. It is surely needless refining to divide conjunctions into less than eleven classes according to the shades of meaning they convey. The definitions and explanations are neither clearly nor neatly expressed, and the grammatical part in general is not so well arranged as might be wished. There is no fault to be found with the vocabularies and exercises, unless

it be a fault. School is a fact. claims concisely by no combi- ness, Exercice course. As a use in know- Wake the P for A mans attempt system to less they words accou- W. A. Annu- paya- rage Seven Gaze (Riv- cashi- of the M.A. an A Chur- 1861 Mar- Defe- will by th- —O W. of E. Esq. Hist. Des- Tech. Grec (Edi- lan- the Wil- the man- of Mus- Live (Liv- Com-

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it be that the latter are perhaps too long.—This fault is avoided in *German Grammar for Public Schools*, by the Rev. A. C. Clapin, M.A., assisted by F. Holl-Müller, Ph.D. (Bell & Daldy), which is a far more practical book. The author, modestly, claims for it no other merit than clearness and conciseness. It certainly possesses these, which are by no means of trifling value or often found in combination. Nor is it wanting in comprehensiveness, including, as it does, Accidence, Syntax, Exercises, Reader and Vocabulary, though of course it does not enter into any minute details. As a practical introduction, it is well adapted for use in public schools, and wherever some previous knowledge of language has been gained.—*The Wakefield Spelling-Book, Parts III. and IV.; or, the Principles and Practice of Spelling, adapted for Advanced Classes*, by W. L. Robinson (Longmans), is an elaborate, but not quite successful, attempt to reduce the spelling of our language to systematic principles. The so-called rules are far too lengthy and cumbersome for learners, though they may be of some use to teachers. The lists of words and dictation lessons may be turned to good account.

We have before us the following pamphlets: *Annual Supplement to the Tithe Commutation Tables payable for the Year 1868, according to the Average Prices of Wheat, Barley and Oats for the Seven Preceding Years, as published in the London Gazette of 7th January, 1868*, by Charles M'Cable (Rivingtons).—*The Growth of the Church in Lancashire during the Present Century: an Examination of the Paper read by the Rev. James Bardsey, M.A., at the Manchester Church Congress; with an Appendix containing Statistics relating to the Church in the Diocese of Manchester in 1851, 1861, and 1866*, by W. L. Dickinson (Simpkin & Marshall).—*The Docks of London: their Deficiencies, Defects, and Disadvantages; showing how the Port will be Improved, and its Shipping Accommodated, by the New Dagenham (Thames) Docks* (Wilson).—*On Certain Moral Aspects of Money getting*, by W. T. Gaardner, M.D. (Hamilton).—*The Accounts of Building Societies: a Letter to J. Tild Pratt, Esq.*, by Astrup Carey (Kent).—*Notes on the History, Methods, and Technological Importance of Descriptive Geometry, compiled with Reference to Technical Education in France, Germany, and Great Britain*, by Alexander W. Cunningham (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas).—*New Zealand: The Manawatu Purchase Completed; or, the Treaty of Waitangi Broken*, by Thomas C. Williams (Williams & Norgate).—*A Treatise on the Petroleum Zones of Italy*, by E. St. John Fairman (Spon).—*And The Fifteenth Annual Report of the Committee of the Free Public Library, Museum and Gallery of Arts of the Borough of Liverpool, presented to the Town Council, 1867* (Liverpool, Liverpool Printing and Stationery Company).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alde's *The Marstons*, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl. Ballard on Vaccination, its Value, Alleged Dangers, &c. 8vo. 12/- Bremer's (F.) *Life, Letters, &c.* by her Sister, cr. 8vo. 10/- cl. Catechism of the Catholic Church, ed. by Bremer, imp. 8vo. 15/- cl. Catechism of the Lord's Prayer, 12mo. 1/- cl. Church's Broken Unity, ed. by Bennett, Vol. 3, 12mo. 3/- cl. D'Azeglio's Recollections, tr. by Count Maffei, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 24/- Dickinson's *Growth of the Church in Lancashire*, 8vo. 1/- cl. Faithfull's *Change upon Change, a Love Story*, cr. 8vo. 10/- cl. Goss's *Practical Chemistry*, 12mo. 1/- cl. Heyning's *Secrets of the Turf*, 12mo. 1/- cl. Heyning's County Atlas of England and Wales, 10/- cl. Illustrated Penny Readings, Second Series, 12mo. 1/- cl. Kenealy's *Under the Red Flag*, 12mo. 4/- cl. Kenealy's *History of Heretics and Heresies*, 8vo. 7/6 cl. Metrical Epistles, Ancient and Modern, ed. by Booth, roy. 18mo. 5/- Morris D'Arturius, with Introduction by Strachey, 12mo. 3/- cl. Newton's *Bible Jewels*, 12mo. 1/- cl. Neatke's *Guide to Worcestershire*, 12mo. 5/- cl. O'Donnell's *Glory of Ireland*, 12mo. 1/- cl. Poyer's *Horse-Exches*, Songs in the Night, &c. 5/- cl. Sandeman's *Peloponnesos, or the Science of Quantity*, 8vo. 20/- cl. Smith's *Reviews and Essays for the Million*, 12mo. 3/- cl. Steggall's *Jeanne D'Arc, and other Poems*, 8vo. 5/- cl. Sybille's *Prints Eugen von Savoyen*, with Notes, cr. 8vo. 2/- cl. limp. Tupper's *Canadian Picturesque*, 12mo. 1/- cl. True of Heart, by Kay Spen, cr. 8vo. 8/- cl. Tupper's *Our Canadian Dominion*, 8vo. 1/- cl. Von Scheil's *Treatise on Coast Defence*, imp. 8vo. 30/- cl. Waterland's *Review of the Doctrine of the Eucharist*, 6/6 cl. Zeller's *Socrates and the Socratic Schools*, trans. cr. 8vo. 5/- cl.

ERIN GO BRAGH!

IRELAND to the rescue! We are a failing and falling people; slackening in the race, drooping in the flight, going down in the strife. The neighbouring nations are all passing us on the road

to wealth and honour. But we have one last chance of life. We may call the Irish to our aid, and so restore the balance of forces now so heavily turned against us. This aid we can procure—this insurance we can effect—at a comparatively trifling cost. We have only to found—under some such name as the Royal Irish Institute—a new South Kensington Museum in Dublin. At the small cost of 100,000/- a year the thing may be commenced.

We are not jesting; indeed, although fully conscious that the project now put forward in Ireland will be scoffed by many people as a mere job, we confess to an opinion that there is something in it worthy of serious thought. The Committee which dates from the Mansion House, Dublin, puts the case of English need and Irish sympathy in this rather striking way: "In the fifth Report of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, prepared by the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, will be found the unanimous opinion of the most eminent men in practical science, art, and manufacture, 'that the English workman is gradually losing in the race of competition through the superior intelligence which foreign Governments are carefully developing in their artisans,' and that, 'if we are to maintain our position in industrial competition, we must oppose to this national organization one equally effective and complete. If we continue the fight with our present voluntary system, we shall be defeated, and generations hence we shall be struggling with ignorance, squalor, pauperism, and crime.' We believe that the native taste, quickness, and perception of the beautiful which characterize Irish genius will supply the very elements necessary to place English manufacture above all competition." Put in that way, the offer of help is at least generous. Who can say that the Irish have not a special faculty in the finer arts? Who are our most distinguished artists? Are they not Irish? Who is our chief painter? MacLise—an Irishman. Who is our chief sculptor? Foley—an Irishman. Who is our chief actor? Macready—an Irishman. The fire, the fancy, and the elegance of Irish genius cannot be denied; and therefore this promise of help is not to be treated as a passing jest.

"Ireland," says the Committee, "is as yet an almost unbroken field for industrial and art manufactures; its cultivation is certain to produce abundant and profitable fruit. The youth of Ireland are singularly intelligent, docile, quick-witted, and ready at expedients. It is admitted that they have a natural taste for Art; and the number and value of the prizes won by them in Art-competition against the pupils of English schools, notwithstanding the difficulties which impeded them, ought to impress the State that they have hitherto neglected an element now absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the manufacturing supremacy of England. The ancient works of art in gold, jewelry, and stone preserved in Ireland attest the native taste of past generations. The grace and beauty of ancient Irish ecclesiastical architecture charm to this day, even in their ruins; and we can point now to the restored Cathedral of St. Patrick as an enduring testimony to the genius of our ancestors. The beautiful sculptures of the new Museum buildings in the University of Dublin—sculptures designed as well as executed by the artisans alone—prove that this taste and elegance of design are hereditary."

All that Ireland wants is a little help in coming to our help. Ireland, rich in genius, is poor in self. It wants a little money—nothing else. It has within itself every other condition of success, even what the auctioneers call an unrivaled opportunity—such "an opportunity," to use the words of the Committee, "as never occurred before, and cannot return again, and such as a legislator, anxious to conciliate a people, would desire to attain." Yes; here it is. "The extremely beautiful building and grounds of the Dublin Exhibition Palace are for sale. They can be purchased for about 90,000/- No metropolis possesses so admirable a site for a Royal Institute as this. The magnificent entrance-hall of the Palace seems to have been constructed for the display of sculpture; the galleries would form an unrivaled place for the exhibition of paintings; the lecture halls cannot be surpassed

for convenience, extent, and acoustic properties; there is ample space for displaying in the most effective manner vast collections of raw and manufactured material, so that there would be an exhibition of manufactures at all times open and accessible. The Palace, in fact, can be made an Irish Kensington, in immediate connexion with the industry, the science, and the art of this kingdom. With the Royal Irish Institute may be incorporated the Museum of Irish Industry, the Geological Survey of Ireland, the Royal Hibernian Academy, and other kindred institutions; while the Royal Dublin Society, with extended means and increased influence, would pursue with it, in a parallel line, its most useful and patriotic course. If on such a question it is permitted to descend to pecuniary considerations, the rent saved by the concentration of these societies in the one building would amount to double the interest on the sum required for its purchase." The whole thing, in fact, is cheaper than dirt.

"To accomplish this great design, and to render the Institute not merely permanent but useful, a grant of 100,000/- per annum is required. A less liberal amount will not suffice." This is quite frank. For the small sum of 100,000/- a year, Irish genius will come to the help of English sloth and stupidity, and aid us to redress the balance of nature.

Apart from jest, we think our Irish friends have a real claim to consideration in such matters, though we doubt whether they have put their case in a winning way.

PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY.

April 14, 1868.

HAVING observed in your impression of the 4th inst. a letter by Mr. Dexter reflecting on the arrangements in the library as to the books that are placed on the tables, and implying that some books are placed on the tables merely for want of space on the shelves, I venture, as an almost daily visitor to the library, to send a few words in correction of the evident misapprehension of your Correspondent.

The books arranged on the tables are indexes of patents and abridgments of specifications, which it is very much for the convenience of patentees and others that they should be thus arranged ready to their hands, than that they should have to be taken down from the shelves when required. One table is devoted to periodicals.

It is very possible that your Correspondent may have found on an isolated occasion few books of another kind that were left there temporarily before being restored to the shelves from which they were taken. This, indeed, occurs now and then after a reader has had a pile of books brought to him from an inner room, and the attendant is too much occupied for the moment to allow of his putting them back again without delay.

In my frequent visits to the library I have never seen the tables encumbered with books in the manner suggested by your Correspondent; and I think it due to Mr. Woodcroft and the staff, to acknowledge the efforts uniformly made to promote the convenience of readers.

WILLIAM SPENCE, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

OUR HIDDEN COLLECTIONS.

Public Museums and Free Libraries Association,

150, Strand, April 15.

In acknowledging an invitation to attend a recent meeting at Sion College, Mr. James Yates suggested to me a most useful field of inquiry. He expressed his desire to see due publicity given to the existence and resources of libraries and museums already established, with a view, wherever practicable, to utilize them more extensively, rather than to move for new institutions. "I cannot," wrote Mr. Yates, "name Archbishop Tenison's Library, which used to be open to all the inhabitants of Westminster, but which was recently sold by auction. I will only mention Dr. Daniel Williams's, kept at No. 8, Queen Square, under the charge of a well-qualified librarian, Mr. Hunter, and open to everybody without exception. It contains somewhere about 30,000 volumes, with a printed catalogue. It is, however, very little used. If your Association

would take the requisite measures, I think they might accomplish the generous and enlightened object of its founder by making it 'a public library.' There are very many collections, scientific, artistic and literary, which belong to the same category as Dr. Williams' Library, open free, or under easy conditions, but not public, because the public know little about them. I am charged with the duty of obtaining all possible particulars of such libraries and museums, and shall be grateful to any of your readers who may be willing to furnish information to assist me in the inquiry.

J. T. DEXTER.

AN OLD SONG.

Clapham Park, April 11, 1868.

Bearing upon the question of "Sack" as treated by Mr. De Morgan and Mr. Tiffin (without assuming any authority as a Shakspearian commentator), I may strengthen Mr. Waring's assumption of *sec* by the following extracts. "Household Book of the Lord North" (temp. Elizabeth):—"Hoggesh. of Claret Wyne"—"Hoggesh. of White Wyne"—"Rundlets of Sack" (containing twenty gallons)—"a Butt of Sack"—"a Toon of Gascoine Wyne"—"ij Toons of Gascoine Wyne"—"a Butt of Sack (from London)."

Note that "Butt" and "Butte" only appear in connexion with "Sack"—

I escaped upon a Butt of Sack.

Tempest, act ii. scene 2.

In a letter of Don Fray Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros (the well-known Cardinal Ximenez of history), dated Alcalá, 1st of September, 1508, alluding to the preparations being made in Andalusia for the conquest of Oran, mention is made of 8,000 quintales of biscuit and 500 butts of wine (*Quinientas Botas*).

In addition to this, Don Adolfo de Castro, in his "Historia del Saqueo de Cadiz" (the Sack of Cadiz by Essex) reproduces some very curious facsimiles of woodcuts of the sixteenth century, in one of which two men are depicted carrying a cask of liquor, evidently sherry, slung from a pole, towards a ship's boat, the vessel being at anchor near the walls of Cadiz. The cask is an exact fac-simile of the sherry-but now in use.

I am, therefore, inclined to think that a butt of sack, "sherris-sacke," was a Jerez wine from Cadiz, because I can find "butt" apply to nothing but a cask which contained "sacke." From Canary the wine would not be in butts. The fact of sherry sack being imported in a butt gives point to Mr. De Morgan's quotation—"Sack and truth are the only *butts* that philosophy aims at." Pasquill's "Palinodia," 1619 (Reprint, J. Payne Collier, 1866), if not penned by a wine-merchant of the period, displays great technical knowledge of the fluid:—

It is a place whereas (*sic*) old sherry sack.

And sack condemned to dungeon dark as night,
Because he was so bold and insolent
On English ground against March beer to fight.

In dreadfull darkness Alligant lies droun'd,
Next unto him brisk Clares is fast found.

Two kinsmen near ally'd to sherry sack,
Sweet Malligo and delicate Canary.

— Bastards white and brownie,
Old muscadine without his eggs doth dwell,
And malmyne, though last nam'd, not the worst.

"Without his eggs" probably means on the lees, unclarified.

Yet none of all these are more hardly used
Then (*sic*) is that true good fellow, sherry sack.

Touching the manufacture at Jerez in the sixteenth century—

Trotten with feete, sold like a slave, rakk'd, jumb'ld.
With yesso (gypsum) they him purge, and with lime they chooke (query, chalk) him.

— Yesso, or yéso, is gypsum, and is now used in some countries for sprinkling over the grapes before pressure, the theory being that it absorbs any moisture which may rest on the skin of the fruit. If lime or chalk were ever used, it is now discontinued at Jerez. But the "lime" to which Falstaff alluded was probably caused by clumsy clarifying in Spain. Falstaff was a judge, and liked his liquor clear to the sight before he drank it.

To explain this lime question, I must, I am afraid, trespass further upon your space.

The system adopted from time immemorial at Jerez for refining wine is to use the whites of eggs whipped into a froth, then mixed with a portion of wine, and stirred well into the bulk; on the morrow the wine is again well stirred, and a small quantity of a peculiar earth obtained from the neighbourhood (dissolved in wine until of the consistency of batter) is then added; another stirring, and the wine is left until clear. When racked, if drawn too close or shaken the wine will be slightly thick. Upon landing in England a sample taken from the cask will, if allowed to rest in a bottle for a few hours, fall quite bright; but at the bottom of the vessel a small hard sediment, composed of egg and earth, will be discovered. It is easy to imagine that a careless drawer might have brought to Falstaff's fastidious eye "lime" in his sack when he brought the sack out of condition—"not clear." The average Englishman of the Elizabethan era may have had a taste for sweet Malligo, but a prince of the royal blood of England and so fastidious a taper as Sir John Falstaff may reasonably be supposed to have appreciated Amontillado; and I am afraid that the fluid in the "pistol" drawn from Sir John's doublet by the prince was not a compound sugared and strained through sacking. Sack may reasonably mean *seco*, or probably pronounced *sacko* by an illiterate ship-captain. If not dry, why does the author of "Palinodia" say—

Two kinsmen near ally'd to sherry sack,
Sweet Malligo and delicate Canary?

F. W. COSENS.

HOW TO WIN 200,000 ROUBLES: A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

St. Petersburg, March 31, 1868.

THIS piece is too slightly constructed to meet the requirements of the Russian stage, and must probably be regarded as a mere passing *jeu d'esprit*, in which capacity it has already achieved, and is still achieving, a decided and by no means undeserved success. For, although not distinguished by any special fertility of invention or originality of situation, it possesses at least two great requisites,—unflagging brilliancy of dialogue and sustained vigour of action. From first to last, there is not a sentence which we could wish omitted; and this, at the present day, is high commendation even for so short a piece as the one now before us.

In our opinion, however, this performance, apart altogether from its intrinsic merits, owes much of its present popularity to a happy choice of subject and a well-selected time of publication. In St. Petersburg, the drawing of a lottery is the event of the month in which it occurs; and it would be difficult to find a month in the Russian year unblessed by such an *avatar*. The distempered condition of the national finances has at length risen to the surface in a violent cutaneous eruption of lotteries, of all kinds and for all objects,—Russian, French, and Italian, public and private, for the relief of orphans, for the building of churches, in aid of schools and hospitals, in support of charitable institutions, for the sale of old china, and the disposal of unsold corsets. (In most of these smaller lotteries the prizes consist of tickets for the greater ones—"wheels within wheels.") Nor does the work stop here. Should a fire or an epidemic scatter distress around, should a famine scourge Finland or Vologda, up spring at once a host of lotteries for the benefit of the sufferers; thus at once gratifying the national love of speculation and enabling those upright foreign residents who "abhor the sin of gambling" to combine trade with religion, and, by "giving to the poor," to "lend to the Lord" at the highest possible interest. So frequent and so general are these spontaneous bursts of well-invested charity, that we do not despair of seeing culinary lotteries in support of cheap pie-shops, and matrimonial lotteries for the relief of unprotected females above twenty-five. Our comedy, therefore, makes its appearance at a wisely chosen moment, when the March Government Lottery is in every mouth, and when the public profession of faith seems to be, "There is no Power but Mammon, and the *Bourse Gazette* is his Prophet!"

The plot is briefly as follows. Two old country squires, Sozont Oetcroff and Triphili Podtiajkin, visit St. Petersburg for the first time, immediately after the drawing of the great lottery; and Oetcroff gathers from the conversation of two of the hotel waiters that his ticket has gained the first prize of 200,000 roubles (28,000*l.*). In a paroxysm of childish delight he enumerates all the wonders which his newly-acquired wealth is to perform, and calls upon his daughter Mary to rejoice with him; but the young lady unexpectedly dampens his exultation by confessing that Podtiajkin's daughter, who is a school friend of her own, having lent her money to defray the expenses of an inordinate appetite for confectionery, has, some days since, accepted the ticket as payment in full. Thunderstruck at this sudden downfall of his hopes, Oetcroff, after bewailing his loss in a "high tragedy" strain which it is impossible to read with gravity, begins to rack his brain for some means of retrieving the disaster. Mary proposes to run to her friend and take back the ticket without ceremony; but this rough-and-ready method does not suit Oetcroff. "We must be diplomatic, my child, exceedingly diplomatic"; and Podtiajkin entering at that moment, Oetcroff makes his *début* in diplomacy by a series of rapid and incoherent questions, which, while they scare the hearer nearly out of his senses, convince the querist that, so far at least, his friend is ignorant of this new freak of fortune. Accordingly, he sets down Podtiajkin to a newspaper ("very interesting, my friend"), of which the unhappy man has already perused every word, in order to give time for the maturing of his own plans, when a bright idea strikes him, and he proposes to Podtiajkin for his daughter; thereby, as he thinks, securing the ticket beyond a doubt. Poor Podtiajkin, who already regards his friend as a dangerous lunatic, consents at once, glad to escape so easily; and Oetcroff goes to pay his court to the young lady, who readily accepts him, but lets drop at the same time that she has just given the ticket to her cousin; and thus the ill-fated seeker suddenly finds himself saddled with a *flaneuse* young enough to be his grand-daughter, minus the coveted ticket. Nothing daunted, he seeks out the cousin, Sergi Douborouboff, a fast young gentleman of limited intellect, whose two great ambitions (never gratified in this farce) are, to become an adept at billiards and to see the Alexander Column (erected by the present Emperor, in front of the Winter Palace). Having ascertained by direct questions that the list of Douborouboff's accomplishments does not include fencing and pistol-practice, Oetcroff challenges him to a duel, with the alternative of surrendering the ticket, which, however, has been already lost at billiards to a friend named Capiton Nepodkhaloff. Foiled, but not disheartened, the indomitable old gentleman betakes himself to Nepodkhaloff, like a new Diogenes in search of a man, though apparently doomed never to find one. He proposes to the new possessor of the prize a match at billiards, the ticket being the stake; but is dismayed to find that it has once more taken wing, and is now in the hands of Yegor Dvoikin, a secretly-favoured admirer of his daughter. On the very back of this new complication, Podtiajkin, who has just heard of Mary Oetcroff's good fortune, and imagines her still in possession of the precious ticket, presents himself to Oetcroff *père* to propose for his daughter, as Oetcroff had recently done for his. The latter, still smarting under his repeated disappointments, receives him with a storm of abuse; and a scene of genuinely Russian scolding ensues, in which such epithets as "scarecrow," "clodhopper," "onion-head," "cockroach," fly like hail. In the midst of this spirited eclogue, Douborouboff and Nepodkhaloff rush in on one side, while Dvoikin and his beloved enter on the other. Oetcroff loudly demands the ticket of Dvoikin, who agrees to restore it on receiving the paternal consent to his marriage with the adored Mary. "And now," exclaims Oetcroff, rapturously kissing the recovered ticket, "I have really won 200,000 roubles!"—"I'm afraid not, Sir," responds the ill-boding voice of the head waiter, breaking in on this moment of bliss like a Tragic Chorus; "I thought your ticket had won, but now I've looked again I see it's another one!"

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At this awful disclosure, Octroff gives way anew to despair, but is consoled by Nepodkhaloff with the suggestion that he may very possibly win next time; he bestows his blessing on his daughter and her intended, and the curtain falls upon a general reconciliation.

In a work so replete with laughable scenes, it is not easy to make a selection. One of the most ludicrous certainly is in the interview between Nepodkhaloff and Octroff, who mistakes his companion's name "Capiton" for the title of "Capitan," or Captain, and addresses him accordingly, to the great indignation of Nepodkhaloff, who construes this address into a sarcasm on his own unmilitary and awkward bearing. Another good scene is that which follows the first mention of the successful ticket—a scene illustrative of the more grotesque side of Russian character:—

OCTROFF. I've won, I've won! Ho, ho! see what's come of it! Tra la la la!

WAITER (*aside to Butler*). Hadn't we better fetch a policeman?

BUTLER (*curiously approaching Octroff*). Wouldn't you like to lie down and rest a little, Sir?

Oc. Rest? Lie down? Fudge! it's not the time to rest; it's the time to jump about, and scream, and laugh, and stand champagne to everybody! Bring me half-a-dozen of champagne—or have you nothing dearer than champagne? I'll take it, whatever it is; I'll take a cask of mead, and thirty bottles of beer! Up with them, quick!

BUT. Directly, Sir, directly; but really—your health excuse me—

Oc. Hang my health! Who's won 200,000 silver roubles? (more than that in bank-notes, by-the-by). Who has risen from the dust of nothingness to the pinnacle of wealth, happiness, and, I may say, glory? I, Sozont Ivanoff Octroff, retired councillor, and father of a legitimate daughter, not to mention others! What do you say now, eh?

BUT. Excuse me, Sir; but really I—I don't quite understand—

Oc. Don't you? Well, here's a fifty-rouble note for you; do you understand now?

BUT. Quite well, your honour; quite well. Humbly thank your honour; wish your honour many more of the same!

Oc. And now go, both of you, and call my daughter, that she may rejoice with me. Hang me if I don't put it in all the papers to-morrow. (*Exeunt Butler and Waiter.*) Two hundred thousand! the very words sound pretty and affectionate. I'll buy a house, that I will! I'll get a good steward—no, I won't, I'll be my own steward, and Polly shall look after the house expenses! That! That! first-rate! But, then, suppose I buy an estate instead? I've a great mind. But, then, how about the house? And where shall the house be? It's a big job building a house! Here a lot of money, there a lot of money. Why, two hundred thousand, that's only ten or twelve thousand a year! Why didn't they make it three or four instead of two? Why pick out that especial number? In our time, really one's not so very rich with that much, after all!

Enter Mary.

MARY. Did you want me, mama?

Oc. I congratulate you! You are now a rich heiress; I've won two hundred thousand.

MARY. So the Butler told me. I'm so glad, dear Pappy! Oc. Yes, isn't it glorious? Give me a kiss, my pet! But mind, you must not let prosperity turn your head; you must be calm, steady, magnanimous, bless your soul! Like me, for example! I'm sure I'm calm enough, deuce take me! By-the-by, I said all that before. Now, then, where's the ticket?

MARY. O papa, papa, I don't know how I'm to tell you.

Oc. Never mind, I'm your father, and you're my legitimate daughter, not to mention others. By-the-by, I said that before. Come, out with the ticket!

MARY (*sobbing*). When I was at school with Alexandra Podtiajkin, she had lots of money, and you didn't give me anything; so—

Oc. Didn't I? Why, one Easter Sunday I gave you a whole pound of sugar-plums!

MARY. I'm ashamed to confess that I used to buy even so much gingerbread and tarts; and she paid for me, till I owed her a frightful sum—more than a hundred roubles.

Oc. Call that anything? Why, two hundred thousand—but the ticket?

MARY. I didn't like being in debt, and so—and so—I paid her.

Oc. Right; you're your father's own daughter. Well, take the ticket!

MARY. Papa, I—I gave her the ticket!

Oc. What! O, Heaven! I'm cut down, I'm poisoned, I'm reduced to ashes! All's lost! house, estate, steward, you and I and everything! Woe is me! I am naught but dust and ashes!

MARY. Papa, please, don't be angry with me! You said I might do what I liked with it; and you know, honour above everything.

Oc. Honour, madam! do you call that honour? You have made your own father a beggar, cast him upon the world, and scattered him, so to speak, to the winds of Heaven. Who am I? what am I now? No longer Sozont Octroff, but a worthless blade of grass, whirled by the tempest. I am dust, nothingness, agony! Do you hear me? I am nothing but an incarnate agony!

MARY. I'll run to her and take back the ticket.

Oc. Hold, unhappy daughter of an ill-fated sire! We must be diplomatic, my child, exceedingly diplomatic. But that fellow Podtiajkin! he'll know all now, the

wretch, and refuse to yield the ticket. Run, help, do something! I feel that I'm a fool—an intolerable fool.

MARY (*weeping*). But I don't know what to do.

Oc. Be off with you, and do something. I'm a fool-by-the-by, I said that before. Call Podtiajkin, I can manage him.

MARY. Here he comes

[Exit.

In fact, Octroff is decidedly the best character of the piece—broadly grotesque throughout, from his first appearance down to his final outburst against poor Nepodkhaloff, on discovering that the precious ticket has again escaped him:—"What, you haven't got the ticket? and yet you dare to sit here, drinking my herrings and eating my brandy, and giving yourself out for a 'Capitan,' when you're only plain Capiton!" A cruelly unjust reproach, when we recollect that this title of Captain is the very thing against which the unfortunate man has been protesting throughout the whole scene.

D. K.

FRENCH MEN OF LETTERS.

Paris, April, 1868.

RUFFLES are provided for the shirtless Capt. Pens on this side of the Channel, as well as in the capital which includes the site of Grub Street, and received the ashes of Chatterton. The winter that is saying so many cold good-byes to us, put out the light of Elias Regnault. Of that light it is needful to say much—save that it was held in fair esteem. Elias Regnault's story may be gathered within the length of a little finger. He died disheartened and in great poverty. On the 31st of last December his landlord gave him peremptory notice to leave. He was many quarters in arrear. On New Year's Day a little boy went to see his unhappy grandfather. Grandpapa had not a son: but a grandpapa cannot see his grandson on New Year's Day with empty hands. The old man went to his porter and borrowed two francs, with which the bag of bonbons was bought. Over the old man's grave, very soon after the sweetmeats were eaten, three eloquent orations were uttered!

Many an *oraison funèbre* has echoed along the damp lines of a *fosse commune*, and tingled in the ears of the impatient grave-digger. I remember a poor poet, a Dupont, who used to come to my hearth some fifteen years ago, pale, thin, most melancholy. He was in brown-black. Poor soul, he was full of pride and poetic affectation. Most people who met him believed that he was acting melancholy, and that there was the study of the finished hypocrite in the upturning of the eye. He dressed the part: it was a weakness, not a cheat. He was of the nest of singing birds whom France should protect and love—at least, as she loves the swallows skimming the balmy air amid the flowering chestnuts, that give shade by the fountains where the hardy little navigators of the Chaussee d'Antin and the Avenue de l'Impératrice launch their boats. In his soul he believed this: that he had a claim, and that it was shamefully neglected. There were crumbs for the swallows, and none for the poets. He sang this sad ditty to many tunes, in many circles of pitying people. He was a widower, left with a little girl, whose plaints woke the saddest tones of his ever-craped harp. How to help him! A prouder man never crossed the threshold of a friend. A word of praise for his muse left out in the cold by the obdurate money-changing world was the charity he craved of our compassion. He had a voice that was a musical wail. He would fold his hands, turn his white face to the burning logs, andadden the women's hearts with his first notes:—

Dormez, ô ma fille,
Dormez sur mon cœur;
Sans que mon aiguille
Quitte sa labour.

The song was of sweet devotion in a bitter world. The child should not wake until mother's fingers had earned the crust for the soup. Sleep keeps the stomach quiet. The beggar pillow'd on his wallet may be ermine-nursed in his dreams. He lies where the lizard shines on the rock. The policeman's thumb presses his rags, and yet he is king among men, until he is twitched into rascaldom. Why should he not rest? The kingship of his dreams has not power to loosen a bell in the cap of the royal jester? The thunder-cloud is not legal bed-

covering. He must wake and put lawful lath and plaster between his beggar-limbs and the wind. Some burden to this purpose was carried on the tremulous cadences of our friend's voice. The sweetness was pressed out of the grief. Had he not suffered, he had not sung.

Years have passed since he last sipped his dish of tea with me. It may be that eloquent and touching speeches have been said over his poor bones, and that his daughter has opened her eyes upon the world that gave her father no supper for his song. I fear it is so. I never could hear that the gipsy Fortune even glanced into his tent.

The sad ballad-writer was recalled to my mind a few days ago by a brother in misfortune of his, who not long ago was fighting the world for himself and his younglings with an unlucky pen. The brave soldier was footsore and thirsty, and fever beat in his pulse. The black enemy was upon him, and had an eye upon his sick child's cradle. Paris was crowded; Paris was gay—gay enough to break this fainting Capt. Pen's heart—in 1865. He stooped over the little stranger who was slipping away from him. The baby eyes brightened at the sight of the toys, and dimmed when tired of them. The writer was forgotten in the father, and was led into the open day presently through love for baby. Baby must have more toys. Some caricatures lay about the floor. Had money been plentiful these would have been thrust out of sight; but when the pocket is empty, the hand wanders from it, and becomes wondrously inventive. The caricatures were cut out, pasted upon cardboard, and made to gambol ridiculously before baby, who munificently crowded acknowledgments, and cried for explanations. A light broke upon the father from the infant's sick bed, and he turned upon the world once more—this time with dolls and patter adapted to children of the fullest growth. There are happy children crowned with *chignons* and intimate with razors in Paris, who shake their sides at Guignol in the May-days, and do honour to puppet-shows in ball dress on winter evenings; so that straw-tickling is a very important profession by the banks of the Seine. From baby's sick cradle the poor father turned to the window, to mark whether the crowd would laugh. If it would laugh, it would pay. They did laugh; and forth went Lemmercier de Neuville! Who has not heard of "I pupazzi"! The salons of this passing season have welcomed the clever man with his puppets and his sharp and bright patter, spiced with personal mischief. The puppets are admirable as caricatures: the talk is badinage, touched with satire lightly, as a cream is flavoured with vanilla. Whom do we envy most?—the happy natures that are so prone to enjoyment, or the joyous father and head of the laughing household his genius has made out of the sickness of a child? Why was it not given to my poor poet-friend, who could only sing his soul to sleep, and see it wake to a thin *pot-a-feu*, to arrest the crowd from his window with his eloquent sorrow? They can laugh who cannot cry; albeit only the laughter of those who have generously wept has music in it. Tickling is better business than touching. The Punch and Judy man on your side of the Channel makes more, I take it, than the poor Italian Wordsworth sang, who bore about English lanes "blind old Milton" in the creamiest of plaster of Paris.

There are "illustrations" of the hazards of the pen abounding in the dramatic and musical "worlds," as well as in the "world" of literature. It is difficult to strike a balance, in commercial phrase, between the worldly chances of English and French men of letters; but hitherto the English public have been treated almost exclusively to accounts of the extraordinary financial successes of French journalists and romancists. The quill has raised substantial palaces, since the author of "Monte Christo" sold his; and his richly caparisoned steed pawed the ground at his gates. Men of letters in Paris are mostly men of business. We are astonished at the sums which Scribe realized, and are startled when we learn the number of thousands sterling which a new comedy pours into the coffers of the younger Dumas. Dramatic literature is a rich mine indeed in Paris, when the dramatist makes a hit. The payment of the author is more

equitably arranged than it is with us. He takes his share of the profits of his work. But the plaints of the unsuccessful fill the air. The way to success is barred on all sides. Men spend a lifetime, not in getting a hearing, but in getting a reading by a manager. A dramatist, the part author of a very successful piece which appeared ten years ago, has not yet obtained a second appearance on the stage. He proved that the manager never opened his manuscripts, by dropping gum here and there between the pages. Another, Nérée Desarbres relates, had Molière's *Tartuffe* copied in running lines as prose, just calling *Tartuffe Piquassiette*, and so forth. The manager to whom he sent it returned it as unfit for his stage! While this paper is under my hand, my attention is drawn to a long letter printed in the daily papers with the startling heading 'Une Grande Misère.' It is an appeal to the commiseration of the theatrical authorities by E. Péan de La Roche-Jagu, an artist who has actually known successes. The complaint is now, "I have ten operas in my portfolio, which have been refused without a hearing." And what is the composer's fate? "Yesterday, having neither shelter nor bread, I was compelled to get myself arrested." A pension of 110 francs per annum from the *Société des Artistes*, a private allowance of a like amount, and about 800 francs, the proceeds of an annual concert, are the ordinary income of the petitioner. This year the poor composer has suffered a long illness, and is now too weak to give the usual concert. The landlord proves inexorable: and the artist whose work has been applauded is in the streets, or sheltered as the vagabond trapped in the *banlieue* quarry is sheltered. We gaze at Mademoiselle Patti's charming residence, and wonder how many thousands are laid at night under the bewitching head of its mistress. The saloons of M. Gustave Doré's palace, in the Champs-Élysées, are crowded with the rank and beauty and wit and wisdom of Paris, and the owner has hardly seen his fortieth year yet! Fortune works these wonders in Paris, and the echoes of the applause reach you. But mark, under Mademoiselle Patti's doorway the sick and heartsore creature E. Péan de La Roche-Jagu crouches: and my poor poet is passing in a green hearse to his rest!

B. J.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We remind our readers that General Sabine's second *Conversazione* for the present season will take place next Saturday (April 25th) at Burlington House.

Mr. Morris is engaged in preparing for publication a new poem, or rather the first portion of a very extensive work which comprehends the 'Jason' already issued. For the third portion of the general work, which will appear at a convenient time, the poet and artist is executing a large series of designs, to be engraved on wood, and which will amount to about 350 in number, of which fifty, or thereabouts, are already produced.

The Early English Text Society has nearly ready for issue its second set of texts for this year, namely, for the Original Series, 'Old English Homilies and Homiletic Treatises of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,' edited by Mr. Richard Morris; and 'Sir David Lyndesay's Historie and Testament of Squire Meldrum,' edited by Dr. F. Hall. For the Extra Series, 'The Romance of William of Palerne (or William and the Werwolf) with a fragment of an Alliterative Romance of Alexander,' edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat; and 'Caxton's Book of Courtesy,' with two manuscript texts of the same treatise from the libraries of Oriel and Balliol Colleges, Oxford, edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

We understand that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Mr. W. Chambers) is preparing his Auto-biography, which will appear towards the close of the present year, on his giving up office.

We are glad to learn that the Council of University College are about to build a new wing. The numbers attending the classes are steadily on the increase. That the medical department is most efficient is universally acknowledged. A new

story has been added to the Hospital, and the funds available become larger as the benefits of the institution are known and appreciated. The only cause of regret is the Hebrew Professorship, which seems to be practically a sinecure; as we understand there is an endowment without a class. At a time when the knowledge of Hebrew is felt to be important as a basis for the criticism of the Old Testament, it is a pity that students are not induced to master that ancient tongue. Could not the Council take measures to introduce efficiency into this languishing department, and render it available for the purpose it was meant to serve?

The Members of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society will hold a General Meeting at the Hall of the Vintners' Company on the 27th of April, when the ancient charters, plates and tapestry, &c. of the company will be exhibited. Some antiquities found in Vintry ward and its neighbourhood, and a collection of interesting archaeological objects, contributed by several eminent archeologists, will be exhibited at twelve o'clock. Papers will be read on 'The Early History of the Company of Vintners and the Ward of Vintry,' by W. H. Overall, Esq.,—'The Ancient Charters and Manuscripts of the Company,' by John Gough Nichols, Esq.,—'Eminent Members of the Company,' by Thomas Milbourn, Esq.,—and 'The Plate and Tapestry belonging to the Company,' by G. R. French, Esq.

In the course of last week, Mr. Payne Collier delivered a pleasant lecture on the origin and progress of Street-Ballad Singing, embracing a period of about 200 years, from the invention of printing to the Restoration. It was for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institute of Maidenhead; and he illustrated the subject very much from a work he has recently privately printed, containing fac-similes of old popular songs, with their woodcuts. He also introduced a good deal of new matter; and one point was so curious that it deserves especial notice. It was derived from an unknown play, consisting of the substance of a scene, in which the famous Richard Tarlton, the comedian, played the character of a young scapegrace son; while three other actors sustained the parts of two other sons and their dying father. This was, of course, anterior to the time of Shakespeare, because Tarlton died some years before our great dramatist visited London. The narrative has come down to us in a work, a little after that date, by Henry Peacham, and it is also to be found in the 'Hundred Merry Tales,' a collection of jests mentioned by Shakespeare. Mr. Collier read it in verse; and it only consists of half a dozen short stanzas, we insert them:—

A wealthy old father had three grown-up sons,
Two of them steady, the youngest was wild:
He drank and he gamed, and was thought but a dunce,
A care and a cost to his sire from a child.

The father was dying: the sons were call'd in,
And the old man address'd them one after the other,
Saying 'Tom, you are eldest, and always have been
A dutiful son—so has Edward, your brother.'

But as for you, Richard,—however, no more:
I am worse at the sight of you, than as you stand.
You will find by my will, Tom, that I've given o'er
To you, as my heir, all my houses and land.

To my second son, Edward, my money I've given,
My furniture, carriages, horses, and pelf.
"Alas, my dear father!" they both cried. "By heaven,
We hope you may live to enjoy it yourself."

Then turning to Richard, the old father said,
In a voice from his suffering beginning to falter:
"You are not forgotten: you'll find, when I'm dead,
I have left you a shilling to purchase a halter."

"You were born for my sorrow, as well as your mother's;
The price of a rope is the whole of your wealth."
"Alas, Sir!" cried Dick, in the tone of his brothers,
"God grant you may live to enjoy it yourself!"

Peacham, in his prose narrative, gives the precise manner in which Tarlton was dressed for his part in the old play, acted about 1580—with his hair growing through his hat, an old tattered cloak, and straw in his shoes in default of stockings. Dr. Rimbault was the first in modern times to direct attention to Peacham's version of this droll dramatic anecdote.

Dr. Wallich has sent us a few specimens of photography, which have the merit of softness and

repose. The likenesses, so far as we know the originals, are good.

We are asked to say that the novel called 'Dr. Campany's Courtship' is by *Miss* (not Mrs.) M. B. Edwards.

We hope that Mr. A. J. Ellis, or some one who is well up both in Phonetics and Provincialisms, will some day give us a comparative table of the different pronunciations of our dialects, including the Scotch. A Correspondent notices that even in such a word as *gang*, go, while the South Scotland pronunciation is *gang*, the Middle Scotland is *gäng*, and the Banffshire *däng*.

The Board of Trade have published a Blue Book, entitled 'Minutes of the Proceedings of the Meteorological Committee' for the past year; and if justification were called for, they could not justify the work of the office in any better way:—for the book shows that a large amount of good work has already been accomplished, that there is abundant promise of more, and that any person desirous of information on what the Committee have done, are doing, and purpose to do, may find it all in the 94 pages of "Minutes." In fact, with this book before him, a writer might compile a history of the Weather Office from the date of its new administration; and find satisfactory evidence that, in asking a Committee of scientific men to undertake gratuitously the work of superintendence, the Government adopted the very best means for having the work done in the best way. Indeed, the Government are so satisfied with the result that they are, as we hear, about to introduce a similar practice in another department. But as regards the book, it contains the minutes of each Committee meeting in detail; and the oft-recurring phrase, "General Sabine in the chair," testifies to the diligence with which the hardworking President of the Royal Society fulfills his share of the duty. The letters received and written are printed at length, and therein will be found the views of our own authorities, of foreign governments, and men of mark, on the measures to be adopted. Mr. T. H. Farrer, for example, writes excellent reasons why the Treasury declines to regard the working staff of the Office as permanent civil servants. "If the work done," he remarks, "is what we hope and expect, there is no fear of its non-continuance. The very object of the whole scheme is to place the matter from year to year in the hands of the scientific committee, unfettered by vested interests, or by that fixity of tenure in their servants which is so fatal when the Government undertake a matter of this kind. The object will be frustrated if their officers become civil servants. They (the Committee) will no longer have the power of dismissing them; that power must rest in the Treasury; and the Treasury having to pay compensation, will never exercise it, even if the Committee brought themselves to advise them to do . . . Really and truly, a good servant, who has faith in himself and in his work, is much better off under the free system than under the fixity of tenure system." So far the practice has justified the theory here laid down; and, in the instructions given to observatories—the grants of instruments—the discussions concerning signals and signal stations—the arrangements for telegrams—reports on instruments, on inspection, and on ocean statistics—the means for bringing foreign observatories into co-operation—the information for fishing villages, and many other topics important to the great endeavour towards a service of meteorology, we see that all concerned have worked with a will. We trust that each succeeding annual volume of Minutes will show an equally satisfactory result.

When the biennial prize of 20,000 francs given by the Emperor to be awarded by the French Academy was bestowed on M. Thiers in 1861, for his History of the Consulate and the Empire, the historian returned the money to the Academicians, and begged them to apply the interest of it triennially as a prize for the best historical work which had appeared within the last three years. M. Guizot, on the 7th inst., read the first report of the Committee, which gives the prize (3,000 francs) to M. Marius Topin, author of 'Europe and the Bourbons under Louis the Fourteenth.'

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The prize will be given after the public reading of the Committee's report. The Committee consisted of MM. Guizot, Villemain, de Montalembert, Prince Albert de Broglie, and Saint-Marc Girardin.

It is stated that Dean Milman is preparing for the press a work on St. Paul's Cathedral, and that it is to be of similar popular character to that by Dean Stanley on Westminster Abbey.

Two friends have each promised a hundred pounds towards the erection of the proposed new Class Rooms, in connexion with the Working Men's College, if eight other persons will give a similar sum.

With the view of meeting the great and increasing demand for living accommodation for artisans in Paris, an ingenious architect of the name of Borie has obtained the necessary concession to erect enormous edifices, which he proposes to call Aérodomes. They are to be not less than ten stories high, to accommodate at least 1,000 persons, and access to the upper stories will be afforded by means of "lifts."

According to an interesting Report recently presented to Government by Mr. Colnaghi, our Consul at Alessandria, on the wines of Italy, it appears that the annual produce of that country amounts to 638 million gallons, which is only 352 million less than the annual produce of France. The produce would be much larger, but for the *oidium* disease, which has been very fatal to the vines during the last seventeen years. It has been found that the plants suffer least when they are planted in lines, so as to form a continuous bower about two feet in height and one yard in breadth. It is stated that if the vineyard proprietors were not overburdened with numerous and excessive charges, Piedmont alone could furnish us with an enormous quantity of good and wholesome wine.

The accounts handed down to us of the astonishing variety of marbles used by the Romans, 607 specimens of which may be seen in the Collegio della Sapienza in Rome, have recently been confirmed in a very interesting manner by the discovery on the banks of the Tiber, near the modern marble depot, of 111 blocks of African marble, 240 of *giallo antico*, and others of *brecia verde*, and also some of chalcedony. The excavations which have brought these marbles to light have also revealed two flights of steps and passages leading from the Tiber to the adjoining market.

On Sunday, the 22nd of March, two dramas were produced in the Armenian language at Naum's Theatre in Constantinople. They were the work of a native artist, and were acted for the benefit of a sick "national" poet. Both pieces were historical, says the *Levant Herald*, the latter founded on the old Armenian wars with Zoroastrian parties, and were very loudly applauded, particularly when any patriotic sentiment was uttered or allusion made to national glories. We may add that the Armenian Theatre is a work of patriotism, carried on by the time and money of the zealous, and a most convenient form of propaganda, as it conveys patriotic ideas to those who cannot read, and, it may be added, familiarizes the new classical language to those who little understand it. We find that the great work of acting is not yet fully shared in by the female patriots, if there are any; for after several years there is still only one Armenian actress, and she has not yet learnt to modulate her voice, though she has become more accomplished in French stage effect.

On the east of Mount Taburus, celebrated in the annals of brigandage, and one of the loftiest of the Apennines, in the province of Beneventura, have been discovered many quarries of marble, of great abundance and of rare beauty. Those the excavation of which has been commenced have given out a red, a yellow, and a whitish-grey stone. The first possesses great varieties of colour, from carmine to violet, with designs sometimes flowered, sometimes *breciata*, or with bands resembling the veins of mahogany or walnut. Amongst these are often found, in the first place, agglomerations of shells, the small snail-shell being in the greatest abundance; and all these crustaceans are either

white on a red ground, or red on a white ground, and often intermixed with yellow shadings. The second variety consists of an aggregate of calcareous fragments in the greatest variety of colours, resembling each other, however, in a succession of petrifications of an orange colour, forming in such a manner a most brilliant *ensemble*. The third quality, white and grey, transparent at the edges, is applicable to all the purposes of architecture, produces a very pleasing effect, and in consequence of its greater compactness is more solid than Carrara marble. The character of soil in which these quarries have been discovered is cretaceous, and is of different colours, according to the chemical elements which distinguish it,—oxides of iron, of copper, and of manganese being found in it. We have seen some polished specimens of this marble, and have a difficulty in saying whether we most admired the beautiful colouring or the perfect form of many of the petrifications.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sold last week a small but interesting collection of old china of English manufacture. Among the specimens of old Chelsea ware, a pair of vases painted with centaurs and figures from the antique frescoes of Pompeii, 22*l.* 15*s.* (Wareham),—a pair of jardinières of scroll design, 13*l.* 13*s.* (Lord Exmouth),—an old Chelsea figure of Jupiter Tonans, 35*l.* (Clay),—a fine old Bow figure of Flora, a study from the antique statue, with Farnese Palace at Rome, 5*l.* (Whitehead),—another, from the same design, 40*l.* (Lord Exmouth),—a pair of Chelsea groups, emblematical of the Seasons, 15*l.* 5*s.* (Wareham),—an old Worcester drinking cup, imprinted with a portrait of the King of Prussia, presumed to be a presentation piece from the proprietors of the Worcester Manufactory to Frederick the Great, 21*l.* 10*s.* (Addington),—a beautiful vase of Plymouth manufacture, 25*l.* (Clay),—another, from the same factory, 18*l.* (Philpot),—a sweetmeat-stand of old Bristol porcelain, excessively rare and finely coloured, 26*l.* (Bohn),—a milk-jug and cover of old Bristol china, 17*l.* (Davis),—a fine leek vase of scroll design, 20*l.* 5*s.*, another, of the same manufacture, 20*l.* 5*s.* (Wareham).

The same auctioneers sold on the 9th inst. the collection of Irish antiquities formed by Mr. J. Lindsay, of Cork. It included a very rare and interesting ornament representing the conal or murrain caterpillar, found at Timoleague. It was engraved and fully described in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for June 1844, 30*l.* 5*s.* (Wareham),—also an ancient Celto-Irish penannular silver brooch, dug up in a tumulus near Galway, June, 1853, 12*l.* 5*s.* (Wareham).

Will Open on Monday, April 27.
THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY FRENCH AND FLEMISH ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 129, Pall Mall.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*s.*

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street.—The chef-d'œuvre of this great Master, 'The Triumph of Christianity,' with his Alpine, Spanish, and other Pictures, ON VIEW daily, from Eleven till Six.—Admission, 1*s.*

MR. MORBY'S COLLECTION OF MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES IS ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange, First Floor, 24, Pall Mall.—THE Collection contains examples of Ross, Baily, Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., Meissonnier, Alma-Tadema, Gérôme, Frère, Landelle, T. Faed, R.A., John Phillip, R.A., Leslie, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., Frith, R.A., Goodall, R.A., Cooke, R.A., Pickersgill, R.A., Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., Le Brun, R.A., and others. The Pictures are well worth seeing.—Yester, A.R.A., Dolson, A.R.A., Cooper, A.R.A., Gale-Marks, Lidderdale, George Smith, Linnett, sen., Peter Graham-Oakes, H. W. B. Davis, Baxter. Also Drawings by Hunt, Cox, Birke, Foster, Duncan, Topham, F. Walker, E. Warren, &c.—Admission on presentation of address card.

MR. MITCHELL has the honour to announce that MR. CHARLES A. COLE will READ ANCIENT AND MODERN BALLADS, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on FRIDAY, April 24, at Eight P.M.—Tickets, 5*s.* and 3*s.*, to be obtained of Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street.

UNPARALLELED EASTER NOVELTIES.—"The Shadow Blondin on the High Rope"—Professor Pepper on Faraday's Optical Experiments with Coated Wheels; the Thaumatrope, the Kaletope—Buckland's Musical, Spectral, and Dioramic Entertainment, "The Marquis of Carabas"; scenes by O'Connor, of the Haymarket—Spiral Manifestations; "The Great Seal of the United States"; "The Flower of the Flowers" illustrated—New Wonders, "Everything Floating in the Air!"—form a portion of the Festivals provided for the patrons of the POLYTECHNIC; the Large Theatre of which has been re-decorated, and a new Classical Proscenium added, the design of John O'Connor, Esq., the Haymarket Artist.—One Shilling.

THOMAS M'LEAN'S COLLECTION of High-Glass, Modern Pictures and Water-Colour Drawings ALWAYS ON VIEW.—T. M'LEAN'S New Gallery, 7, Haymarket.

SCIENCE

A TREATISE ON THE METALLURGY OF IRON, containing OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF IRON MANUFACTURE, &c. &c. By H. Bauerman. (Virtue & Co.)

THAT IRON was made in Britain at a very early period is rendered certain by the discovery from time to time in various parts of the country of iron slags at considerable depths beneath the present surface. On the wild hills of Cleveland, the wood-crowned heights of Devonshire, on the wastes of Exmoor and over the dales of Northern England, the relics of ancient bloomeries have been found, which in their rudeness, though in ruins, indicate a people less cultivated than the Romans, probably the owners of the soil prior to the arrival of their conquerors. These discoveries of a very primitive, and consequently an early, metallurgy have not unfrequently been found under artificial mounds, evidently the refuse of ancient "mineries," upon which, in the lapse of ages, several generations of forest trees have lived and perished. It is scarcely possible to assign a date to some of these; but there are indications which appear to connect them with unsettled races, who were passing gradually from the use of stone implements to those of metal.

That the Romans established ironworks on the Wealden formations of Sussex is clearly proved by Mr. Lower; and it is rendered certain, by the researches of Mr. Wyrrall and Mr. Nicholls, that the same enterprising people had been busy amongst the iron ore deposits of the Forest of Dean. It would be easy to show that from those early periods down to the present time the metallurgy of iron has been one of the chief industries of the inhabitants of this island; but this would be beyond our purpose: we desire only to show the remarkable extension which has taken place in this manufacture within the present century, and to note some recent discoveries which promise to become of yet greater importance to us, as the largest iron-producing people in the world.

The authentic history of our iron manufacture dates from a murage grant made to the town of Lewes in 1266, by which every cart taking iron ore for sale from the Weald was made to pay to that town one penny, and every horse-load was taxed to the extent of a halfpenny. From that period until 1796 there were ironworks in Sussex; but at that date, according to the authority already quoted, "the glare of the furnace faded, the din of the hammer was hushed, the last blast was blown, and the woodnymphs, after a long exile, returned in peace to their beloved retreats."

In the sixteenth century there were 140 furnaces in Sussex for smelting iron. We are told that each furnace consumed 200,000 cords of wood annually; therefore we can well understand how rapidly the vast forests of that country were exhausted by the demands made upon them for charcoal. In 1740 there were fifty-nine iron furnaces in England, of which ten were in Sussex. In 1796 there were one hundred and four iron furnaces in the country, but only one in Sussex, and the fires of that one were soon extinguished. The iron ore of the Weald was by no means exhausted, but the introduction of "pit-cole and sea-cole for the preservation of wood and timber of Great Britain so greatly consumed by iron-works" removed the manufacture of pig-iron to the great coal-fields of mid-England; and now out of 600 blast furnaces, two only, in the neighbourhood of Ulverstone, are using wood. It is interesting to have so fine an example of our

old Sussex ironworks as the balustrades of St. Paul's Cathedral, which were cast at Lambethurst furnace, and cost 11,202l. 6d.

In 1611 Simon Sturtevant obtained a patent from the King "for the said metallical business for one and thirty years." This was for "to neale, melt and worke all kinds of mettle, coares, irons and steels, with sea-coale, pit-coale, earth-coale, and brush fewell." Sturtevant failed, and, owing "to his neglect and non-performance of the workes," he lost his privilege, which was transferred in 1613 to John Rovenzon. Rovenzon does not, however, appear to have been any more successful, and it was reserved for Dud Dudley, after many difficulties and some persecution, to establish the utility of coal as a fuel for smelting iron ores. The 'Metallum Martis' of Dudley was published in 1665, in which, however, he extols his invention without disclosing his process. It was not until 1735, when Abraham Darby began to coke coal for his blast furnaces in Coalbrook Dale, that our iron manufacture was fairly started on that career which has advanced us to the extraordinary position which we now occupy.

This position will be at once seen from the following statement of the produce of our furnaces and forges for the five years ending 1866:—

Pig Iron made.	Pig Iron converted into Bar, &c.		Coals used in Iron Manufacture.	
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
1862 3,943,469	3,499,015	23,552,107
1863 4,510,040	4,024,765	27,013,082
1864 4,767,951	4,301,966	28,715,439
1865 4,819,254	4,276,236	28,783,052
1866 4,523,897	4,026,759	27,056,316

This enormous quantity of iron was obtained from iron ores of different kinds, which were produced in various parts of the United Kingdom, to the extent of 9,665,012 tons, which fed 618 blast-furnaces and kept in activity 6,239 puddling furnaces and 826 rolling mills.

It is of this great industry that Mr. Bauer man has written; and, within the limits to which he has been confined, it was scarcely possible to do more than he has done. The manufacture of iron, in all its stages, is very clearly and satisfactorily described; and, if the publishers had seconded the efforts of the author, by seeing that a little more care had been taken in printing the well-drawn woodcuts, there would have been little to desire.

We think Mr. Bauer man would have done wisely had he said less of the foreign iron ores, and more of the British varieties. The remarkable discoveries of iron ores, which have been made within the last twenty years, would have furnished a chapter of considerable interest to every one. The discovery of iron ore in the Cleveland Hills of Yorkshire has been the cause of planting more than 100 blast furnaces in that locality. From the Tees to Whitby these ferruginous deposits are extensively worked. They have been traced to Malton, and may extend to the Humber. From the southern shores of that river vast deposits of iron ore spread over Lincolnshire. Near Brigg the soil is simply removed and a thick bed of iron ore laid bare, upon which there are already six blast furnaces built. These iron deposits spread away through Northamptonshire, where nine furnaces have been erected, and the iron mines of that county are producing half-a-million tons of ore annually,—a large portion of which goes to feed the furnaces of South Staffordshire and of South Wales. Iron ores of the same character have been found near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire; and there are indications of their spreading yet further southward. We have said nothing of the clay-band or of the black-band iron ores of the coal measures, or of the remarkable red haematite iron ores of

Whitehaven and Ulverstone, which are now almost entirely employed in the manufacture of Bessemer steel; nor of the brown haematite ores of Gloucestershire, Glamorganshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. Beyond these we have the spathose ores of Brendon Hills and of Exmoor, and millions of tons of the same mineral, extending in one vast lode from the sea-shore at Perran, on the north coast of Cornwall, over many miles of moorland, which has been as yet but little used.

With such resources as these, and with a supply of coal which, with proper economy, will last for some centuries, the metallurgical power of Britain cannot decline if her sons continue to use the same industry and ability as that by which they have ever been distinguished. To all who are interested in the manufacture of iron and of steel, we recommend this treatise. It is not so full as Percy's 'Metallurgy'; but in it will be found clear descriptions of every process, from the smelting of the ore to the production of merchant bar and rail, the rolling of armour-plates, and the conversion, by Bessemer's process, of iron into steel, which promises in a little time to supersede iron in almost every case where strength and durability under trying circumstances are required.

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 8.—Prof. T. H. Huxley, President, in the chair.—Messrs. W. F. Webb, the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, G. H. West, T. Anstie, R. H. Brunton, and H. B. Woodward were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read: 'On the Affinities and probable Habits of the extinct Australian Marsupial, *Thylacoleo carnifex*, Owen,' by Mr. W. H. Flower.—'On the Thickness of the Carboniferous Rocks of the Pendle Range of Hills, Lancashire'; and 'Observations on the relative Ages of the leading Physical Features and Lines of Elevation of the Carboniferous District of Lancashire and Yorkshire,' by Mr. E. Hull,—and 'On a Siliferous Deposit in St. Domingo,' by Mr. M. D. Hatch.

ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—April 3.—Mr. E. Smirke in the chair.—It was announced that Colonel W. Patten would preside at the Lancaster Congress in July.—A paper by Mr. Murrell, of York, 'On the Askes of Aughton, and their Connexion with the Rebellion called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," A.D. 1536,' was read.—Mr. Thurlock read some notes on a recent discovery of Anglo-Saxon remains at Shepperton-on-the-Thames, opposite Oatlands. They consist of a bronze fibula, an iron spear-head, and numerous fragments of pottery, some of which seem to belong to an earlier age, and have been pronounced Roman. These objects were found amongst human skeletons, of which eight have been discovered, at the depth of about a foot below the surface. In the ground above these skeletons were found bones of the ox—possibly the vestiges of funereal feastings. The site of this discovery is at no great distance from places where doubtless in early times the passage of the Thames was strenuously disputed, and not much westward of the memorable ford at Coway Stakes.—A notice of the commemorative brass of King Ethelred the Elder, in Wimborne Minster, by Mr. Albert Way, was then read. A rubbing of the brass was exhibited, and Mr. Way discussed the subject of the changes which the sepulchral memorial of the King had probably undergone, and the conditions of its present existence.—Mr. Tregellas gave a short account of "Simpson's Moat," a fortified house of the fifteenth century, near Bromley, Kent, about to be destroyed under the operations of a building society. The house had been acquired by Nicholas Simpson, barber to Henry the Eighth, and by him much improved. From him it also took the name by which it has ever since been known. It since came into the possession of the Langley family, who held it down to modern times—but it had been unoccupied for

half a century. A slight sketch of the principal existing remains, together with a ground-plan, were shown.—Mr. J. W. B. Smith exhibited several fine specimens of mail armour of various dates, some of which were remarkable for peculiarities of material or construction.—Mr. Waller showed numerous rubbings of representations of mail armour upon memorials of various kinds, and made comments upon the evidence afforded by those representations and the specimens exhibited as regards the construction of that kind of personal defence. Mr. Hewitt also discussed the subject in some detail.—Mr. Henderson exhibited several specimens of decorative and inscribed tiles from Spain, Persia, and other Eastern countries, comprising a tile from the Palace of Ferabad, near Isfahan; five tiles from a bath-room in the same palace, one representing Shah Abbas on horseback with a falcon on his wrist, the others with floral decorations; a perfect slab from a cornice, with inscription from the Koran in blue characters on a grey-lusted ground; fragment of a tile from the Mosque of the Rock at Jerusalem. On several of these tiles the heads of the birds figured in the decoration had been carefully defaced by a zealous Mohammedan.—Mr. Foulkes exhibited a bronze blade and other relics of bronze found in North Wales.—The Rev. J. Beck sent some bronze fibulae and other relics from Gotland.—Mr. G. Tate contributed a drawing of a dagger found in a bog near Charlton, Northumberland.—The Rev. Dr. Rock exhibited a fine specimen of an English woven fabric for ecclesiastical purposes. It was a "Corporal" or "Corpus Christi" cloth of the fifteenth century, which was used for covering the sacrament when in the pix. From its fine texture it was called *pannus nebulosus*, and had four balls at the corner, two of which exist in the present specimen. It was accompanied by the "burse," or bag made of canvas, painted and gilt, with the "varnyle" on it, in which the "corporal" was placed while mass was proceeding. These curious and very rare objects have been lately found in the vestry of the church of Hessett, Suffolk.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—April 7.—J. Crawfurd, Esq., President, in the chair.—Dr. A. Campbell read a paper 'On the Hill Tribes around Darjeeling,' in which, after advocating a study of the idiosyncrasies of races with a view to benevolent legislation rather than this or that system of classification, and referring to the increase of population from a very scanty condition in 1835 to upwards of 60,000 at the present time, to the free labour prevailing there under British rule, he arranged the peoples described into the following classification:—1st. The Brahmins or Rajpoots, who are very few in number, their language is Sanskritic, their physiognomy being of Indo-European type. They are confined to Nipal, west of Koosi. 2nd. The Thrus, Magars, and Goorvongs, a mixed race of Hindooos with Mongolian features, lax notions of caste, and speaking the Parbutia dialect. They are mountaineers, of short stature, but make good soldiers. 3rd. The Bhooteas, Lepchas, and Moormis, who are Buddhists speaking the Thibetan language; ethnologically, they are of Mongolian type, and physically strong and active. The two latter tribes are smaller and darker than the former. 4th. The Limboos, Sunwars and Chepangs. Their language is referable either to the Indian or Thibetan standard. They possess in common a small Mongolian type, strongest in the Limboos. 5th. The Mechis, Dhimals, and Gharows, are lowlanders; neither Hindoo, Buddhist, nor Mohammedan, with Mongolian physiognomy. 6th. The Tharvos and Dhuunwars, are Buddhists or Mohammedans; they are dark and barely Mongolian in feature. 7th. The Bâhir, Kebant, Amatti, Mârâlia, Dhânook and Doms are dark, and speak Hindi or Bengali. They are not Mongolian. 8th. The Koches or Rajbungsi are dark Hindoos, and inhabit the Terai of Nipal and Sikkim, though they have spread into the adjacent British districts.—The other papers read were, 'On a Case of Arrest of Development,' by Dr. Mervon,—and a 'Note on the Aborigines of Formosa,' by Mr. White.

INST. C. H. The par- mina- of a B. follow- Messa- R. S. C. G. L. Messa- Blackla- Casebo- A. S. I. A. Lou- R. B. Young- Counci- Institu- C. S. I.

INST. Brown- ing ge- F. E. Beama- Prize Po- Policie- and the

MON. A. TUES. B. WED. D. THURS. S. FRI. S.

FEL. P. SAT. I.

PO this, the collective causes majority of recent fortune the art commu- thus e present periode filmis in which traitur borou- nolds, Mulrea- Wilkie- Dobson- Lucas men w- Wit- Their means repre- of fam- were t- tracks turies, for ti- eular, as No- 4, a D

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 7.—C. H. Gregory, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Experimental Determination of the Strains on the Suspension Ties of a Bow-string Girder,' by Mr. W. Airy.—The following candidates were elected—as Members: Messrs. W. C. Barton, J. Bower, W. W. Clarke, R. S. Clayton, F. J. Dennys, J. Mathias, J. Paton, G. L. Reid, and D. Richmond; and as Associates: Messrs. H. G. Anderson, F. C. Barron, W. T. Blacklock, W. R. Browne, R. H. Brunton, C. T. Casbourne, R. G. Clutton, C. H. Croudace, H. A. S. Fenner, W. R. I. Hopkins, W. S. Howard, A. Longdon, R. Reynolds, F. W. Robinson, R. B. Smyth, W. Sykes, J. J. Wallis, D. W. Young; and Sir A. W. Mackworth, Bart.—The Council had recently admitted as Students of the Institution Messrs. J. A. Carfrae, J. M. Gibson, C. S. Harris, G. E. Page and G. Wynne.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—March 30.—S. Brown, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Associates: Messrs. F. E. P. Neison, jun., A. B. Lamb, and W. Beauman.—Mr. H. W. Manly read the Messenger Prize Essay, 'On a Comparison of the Values of Policies as found by various Tables of Mortality and the different Methods of Valuation in use among Actuaries.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Asiatic, 3.—'Ancient Modes of Calculation in the Sirā-iyyāb,' Mr. Rumsey.
TUES.	Royal Institution, 3.—'Development of Animals,' Mr. Foster.
	Horticultural, 3.—General Meeting and Lecture.
	Statistical, 3.—'Population Statistics, Europe,' Mr. Brown.
	Engineering, 3.—'Irrigation, India,' Mr. Wilson; 'Irrigation, Canals, India,' Mr. Login; 'Irrigation, Spain,' Mr. Higgins.
	Entomological, 3.—'Natives, Russian America,' Mr. Whymper; 'Wild Tribes, South India.'
WED.	Literature, 4.—'Anniversaries.'
	Metrical, 4.—'Brazil, Natal,' Dr. Mann; 'Influence of Sun's Heat on Ozone,' Mr. Lippscoff.
	Archaeological Association, 3.—'Reliquaries,' Mr. Cumming; 'Fused Spear-head from Ribchester,' Mr. Grover.
	Geological, 3.—'Iron in Variegated Strata,' Mr. Maw; 'Olive Roots,' Mr. E. Cornwall; 'Dr. Holl.
	Science of Arts, 3.—'Bectrood and Sugar,' Mr. Gibbs.
THURS.	Antiquaries, 2.—'Anniversary.'
	Royal Institution, 3.—'Chemical Combustion,' Dr. Odling.
	Mathematical, 3.
	Zoological, 3.—'Ribbon-fish, Cape of Good Hope,' Mr. Lawrence; 'Anatomy of Sea-bear,' Dr. Murie; 'Birds of Veragua,' Mr. Salom.
	Royal, 3.
FRI.	Royal Institution, 3.—'Experiments on Light,' Dr. Gladstone.
SAT.	Royal Institution, 3.—'Chemical Combustion,' Dr. Odling.

FINE ARTS

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

POPULAR interest is more potently invoked by this, the third, than by either of the former collections of portraits on loan. This is due to two causes: First, the personal recollections of the living majority are still moved by the sight of the features of recently famous men, in whose careers the fortunes and affections of many have been involved; the art which treated those features is still the common, too common art; impressions of characters thus expressed are still current. Secondly, the present display is retrospective, comprehends the periods of its forerunners, and unites the pretending flimsiness of Lawrence and his poorer imitators—which resulted in the emasculation of modern portraiture—with the almost feminine charm of Gainsborough, the mastery and varied exercises of Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Watson Gordon, Linnell, Mulready, W. Hunt, Leslie, Graham, Gilbert, Wilkie, Hudson, Zoffany, Hogarth, Dahl, Kneller, Dobson, Vandyck, Antonio More, Mark Garrard, Lucas de Heere, Holbein, and those anonymous men whose honours his honours have absorbed.

With students the reverse will be the case. Their interest is less powerfully appealed to by means of memories of men and that art which represented the features of the great. The names of fame which distinguished former gatherings were those which stand up in the foreshortened tracks of time—marks and anchorage of centuries, are too often, if unavoidably, exchanged for titles of infinite obscurity, even less interesting to the learned than a current Court Circular, and displayed by pictures of little worth: as No. 2, the late King of Hanover, by Beechy; 4, a Duchess of Gordon; 12, George III., not an

original, but after Gainsborough; 21, a Duke of Gordon; 25, Nelson's Father, by Beechy; 66, a Countess of Oxford, by Hoppner; and 68, 73, 80, 83, 93,—all within the first hundred. We repeat our conviction that the great error of these gatherings has been, and is, their vastness; even that now before us comprises about 900 works, which would have been better if weeded to moderate limits. Again, the character of the art which supplied the older collections was far nobler and more comprehensive, gifted with better insight into character than that which has afforded the present. In exchange for Holbein, Antonio More, Vandyck, Hogarth, Reynolds and the like, we have the flash and trick of Lawrence, the prose of Shee, the "floor-cloths" of Beechy, Dawe and West, the commonplace of Philips, the weakness of Hayter, the smears of Hurlstone, and the poverty of Hamilton. In place of these, it is poor consolation to be confirmed in the knowledge that Lawrence could paint cleverly when he condescended not to be slovenly. This is the sole new confidence we obtain. Apart from the mode of lighting the pictures, which does not seem to have been considered improvable, the classifying of subjects appears to us to be more apt than before; thus, we have a group of contemporary seamen, likewise other groups of statesmen, lawyers, diplomats and literati.

The supplementary collection of omissions from the former gatherings is weak in the works of Mytens, Jansen, Riley, Vandyck, Van Somer, T. Hill,—whose admirable *Bishop Hooper* (229 of last year) was, although worthily, erroneously attributed to Hogarth,—Antonio More and Mark Garrard, among dead artists; also, in quality, of the productions of Messrs. Boxall, and, in number, of those of Mr. Pickersgill, among living painters. The small number of Holbein's portraits present was to be predicted, on account of the mass of those which, rightly and wrongly, bore his name in the first collection. If quality can compensate for this shortcoming, the unchallengeable fineness of several Holbeins now before us is sufficient for the purpose; these are *Sir Bryan Tuke* (625), *John Reskimer* (628),—well known by that admirable study, with the name as, probably, written upon it by Sir John Cheke (the first 154), which was with many more found by Queen Caroline at Kensington; and *Lady Guildford* (659)—the companion in a more perfect state to the *Sir Henry Guildford* (149 of the first exhibition), which attracted so much admiration for its force of characterization and fine painting.—By Van Somer we have a superbly solid *Sir Henry Spelman* (693); this picture has been attributed to Jan Van Ravestyn. By Vandyck a noble whole-length of *Edmund Waller* (690), a good *Lady Dacre* (696), and others, which are most acceptable. By Dobson appears an excellent *James Graham, Marquis of Montrose*, (700), and, above others, a picture, the qualities of which go not a little way to enable us to appreciate the truth of King Charles's remark that this artist was the English Tintoret; this work is *Sir C. Cottrell, W. Dobson, and Sir B. Gerbier* (710),—a more masculine production than Vandyck has painted. Antonio More's excellent *Sir T. Gresham* (the first No. 273) is supplemented worthily by that picture which is equalled in attraction by few, if any, here—the extraordinarily characteristic *Sir F. Drake* (664). This we commend to the admiration of all, and to the charmed study of the more thoughtful.—Lucas de Heere's honour could not be better supported than by the delicate precision, the admirable characterization, of the twin-portraits (644) of that self-willed *Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, and Adrian Stokes*, her second husband, whose union provoked Queen Elizabeth's temper, and brought forth the wife's retort that she did not see why, if Her Majesty fancied her Master of the Horse (Leicester), she, the Duchess, should not take her similar officer to her arms. Elizabeth tartly called Stokes the Duchess's "groom," but that was hardly fair: the wedded widow was more courteous than the virgin queen. This picture was engraved by Vertue; that of *Lady Guildford* by Hollar.—The revived honours of Robert Walker, the portrait-painter of the Commonwealth, are more than sustained by No. 732, *Henry Cromwell*, which is painted with

surprising art: see the hair in fine light masses, and the skilful modelling of the face. The Catalogue lacks the artist's name of this remarkable picture; but no one can doubt the hand of Walker in it, whether it be of *Henry Cromwell* or not.—By the same, and rightly named, is the irresolute face of *Richard Cromwell* (733)—a most solidly wrought picture.—No. 686, *Lady North*, can hardly be by Jansen, and is rather the work of the younger Stone. Nor is it likely that *Lady Fauconberg* (729) is by Jansen, but rather by a French artist of that time, who likewise painted *Mrs. Irwin* (727), and left the latter to be finished by a later hand.—The anonymous *Countess of Leicester* (683) is a Dutch portrait of great beauty, which partly recalls Vandyck Helst.—It is nonsense to say *Colonel J. Twiss* (738) is by Mytens; it is a wretched thing, and far below his power.—No. 759, *Kitty Clive*, Walpole's neighbour, is not by Hogarth, but may be by Jervas.—*Peg Woffington* (754) does not happily recall Hogarth, to whom it is attributed.—There was a mistake in last year's gathering, where a fine head of a woman, probably the likeness of Mrs. Lewis, Hogarth's inmate, and of about forty-five years of age, was ascribed to *Sarah Malcolm*, the murderer, who was hanged at twenty. The actual wretch sits here as Hogarth painted her in the *Marshalsea* (802).

Among the most charming pictures here is that containing the double portraits—one cannot write group—styled *Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and a Lady, supposed to be the Fair Geraldine*, (626), and ascribed, we think erroneously, to Holbein, but with almost certainty to the noble poet, and with less probability to the fair subject of his muse. It is of miniature size, two half-lengths standing together in the front of the picture in nearly full-faced views, with a brilliant landscape background of a bright river meandering in meadows and among trees to the right, on which side appears a lady riding on a pillion with a knight, and on the left a gentleman and lady walking towards a grove of trees. In the air Cupid flies, and aims his arrow at the heart's-place of the Earl; while the lady holds his heart in her hand, and, in exchange for it, has given him, not "shamrock," as the Catalogue states, but "heart's ease"—the purple pansy with the golden eye. The charm of this picture is in the sweet, amorous looks of the lovers, his poetic expression and her beautiful features. The portrait of Surrey, in cap and feather, at Arundel Castle, which is also ascribed to Holbein, erroneously all agree, holds a carnation in the left hand, as this holds the pansy; the former flower was commonly introduced in portraits; the latter is, so far as we know, unique here.—The student will enjoy the firm drawing of the vine-runners which appear in the backgrounds of the portraits rightly ascribed to Holbein of *Reskimer* (628) and *Lady Guildford* (659); also the luminous qualities of the blue backgrounds in these paintings.

Near to these hangs the "restored" portrait of *Richard the Second* (653), the first No. 7. The eyes are out of drawing; the face retains its character; the red robe seems to owe to some modern skill that by no means archaic luminousness it now has.—Nearer still to the *Earl of Surrey and Fair Geraldine* hangs Mr. Holford's very questionable Holbein, the capital portrait of *The First Lord Delawarr* (629). Another "curiosity" will attract more attention than better pictures, although its merit is considerable. This is a capital whole-length portrait of *Sir Henry Lee, of Ireland*, (631)—Essex's energetic partisan, who concealed himself under the bed of Queen Elizabeth, with a view to obtaining his lord's pardon. Here he stands, as boys say, "with his trousers tucked up"; that is, in Elizabethan terms, "without his hose and shoon." He is a grim, ruddy, sunburnt Englishman, bareheaded, in a black-embroidered shirt; his casque under one arm, a long pistol in his belt, and a sword by his side; he holds within the long light spear that has a cord fastened to the middle of its shaft. The background is a woody landscape, with water. Many have been the conjectures as to the purpose of the knight in having himself thus painted with a half costume. The key to the mystery is probably that he was an enthusiastic otter-hunter, thus spear-armed and bare-legged.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S 'ISABELLA.'

A life-sized figure by this artist to illustrate the novel by Boccaccio, which supplied Keats with the substance of his exquisite poem, 'Isabella, or the Pot of Basil,' is on private view to-day (Saturday) at Mr. Gambart's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, and will be shown to the public on Monday next.

It is the richest, most vigorous and soundest of Mr. Hunt's works; in colouring and solidity, surpassing even 'The After-Glow in Egypt,' that modern masterpiece of technical art. The execution is freer than the painter's wont, the modelling is as learned and yet broader in style than before. In some respects it resembles the 'Claudio and Isabella' of some years since, and, on a sounder because more careful system than that work exhibited, recalls expectations which were raised by that highly dramatic picture. In treating the subject Mr. Hunt had a much more difficult task than 'The After-Glow' supplied, inasmuch as to handle it finely involved poetic rendering of thought of rare subtlety and heedful dealing with horror, such as is apt to startle this sensitive generation. Older and straightforward modes of literary expression would suit some portions of the theme better than those now in vogue; this the poet felt when he cried for

— the simple plaining of a minstrel's song.

How much more arduous is it to deal by means of pictorial art with the dreadful matter that ensued when the "piteous tongue" of Lorenzo's "pale shadow" had betrayed to Isabella the fate of her lover, and the crime of her brethren!

Avoiding the "worny circumstances" of the discovery of Lorenzo's body in the forest, the bringing home of the head and its interment in that precious vase of lustrous majolica with handles shaped like hooded skulls,—which the plain-speaking of the story calls a "pot"—Mr. Hunt puts his heroine before us just as at dawn of day she left her bed in the alcove of an inner chamber, and stands clasping the vase against her cheek, its lush herbage rising behind her shoulder in the form of a *panache* as she stoops to embrace the precious thing. Her hands are about the vessel, and the masses of her heavy, almost black hair roll over its margin, mix with the splendid lustre of its surface, and, by their contrast of colour, intensify the peculiar aptness of its design. This design is one of the points of the picture, and has something of horrible beauty. The vase stands upon a splendidly inlaid praying-desk, and is further enriched by a cloth of silk and gold embroideries, comprising Lorenzo's name, with inscriptions expressive of the intensity and durability of love, love emblems, flowers, and other apt symbols. At the foot of the praying-desk stands a water-pot of opalized glass of Venetian make, a triumph of its kind, and devoted by the lady to the royalty of her grief. Isabella seems to have thus set up an altar to sorrow and placed it before an alcove in the outer chamber of her apartment. All night a suspended lamp of precious glass has burnt and now burns dimly in the dawn, the palest roses of which fill the chamber with a tender light, the "coolness" of which is craftily expressed by the painter. In the form of the window opening by which it enters the room, this light is reflected from the surface of the vase and falls in a broader mass over the leaning figure of Isabella.

Differing from many painters in this respect, Mr. Hunt has adopted for the form of his heroine the fullest scope of womanhood in the Italian type. Her shape is exuberant; her contours have been wealthy in their degree, and are as yet but slightly wasted by grief, although the rich roseate bloom has faded which erst glowed under her southern-tinted skin. Her features, neck, bust and face are full of the look of strength, and in keeping with a character which, by the intensity of its love, must be assumed to have been a powerful one,—something quite other than that which furnishes the ordinary Art-type for love sick girls. Her eyes are of the darkest hazel, and seem, by incessant weeping, to have been hardened against tears; her lips are a little apart as she breathes intensely. The passion of her expression must be seen in the picture to be understood. Her arms are about the

vase; one of her bare feet is placed upon the step of the praying-desk, while the other foot presses the inlaid marble of the floor. Her robe is white, of very thin substance, soft texture, so that it falls freely about her limbs: a scarf of deep blue is rolled behind her figure. We commend to the attention of the student the modelling of the flesh throughout this figure, except that of the hands and right arm, which need revision in this respect, as well as in drawing. The feet are admirable; also, the brilliant breadth of the colouring, the lighting, the intensity of the expression, and that rare firmness of handling which characterizes the artist's painting.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

OLD oarsmen, and all who love the picturesquesque of the lower reaches of the Thames, will regret to learn that the destruction of the beauty of the neighbourhood of Kew is complete. This process began some years since with the erection of the black and ill-contoured chimney of a soap-factory, which was placed at Brentford so as to come right in the eye of a pleasant vista westwards of Kew Bridge. The process was continued by concealing, within a commonplace tower of brick, that once very striking element of the landscape, the tripod water-ran, which showed its graceful lines near the northern foot of Kew Bridge. The conversion of the pretty islet opposite Strand-on-the-Green into a sort of Quippean store, or workplace loaded with litter, brick walls, slate roofs, and a travelling crane, left little to be admired. But the South-Western Railway Company's engineer has given the *coup de grâce* to the prospect, by erecting an ugly lattice girder bridge at a short distance below the islet, cutting Strand-on-the-Green in halves, and resembling the uncouth viaduct which has replaced the elegant suspension bridge at Hungerford, by means of which Brunel, with Mr. Bunning's assistance, very happily showed that a modern bridge need not be hideous and may be admirable. This default of the company's engineer is the more lamentably blameworthy, because the iron bridges of the Loop Line in the neighbourhood of Kew are really pleasing, and were designed with regard for the eyes of those who have more sense of beauty than the clumsy designer of the lattice-girder bridge, whose awkward efforts to make his work excusable—by grouping, in quasi-Gothic fashion, small iron pipes round the big iron pipes which bear the viaduct above the stream—provoke sardonist smiles.

The late Mr. Slade's bequest of all his drawings to the Print Room, and of all his works in Venetian and other kinds of glass to the Medieval Collection of the British Museum, will add still further force to the ever-increasing complaints of the curators of that establishment that they have—not elbow room, for that was lost long since—but mere standing room for their crowds of treasures. It is surely time something was done, and less talked about being done, in this matter. To expand, whether the collections are combined or separated, is vital to the British Museum.

A correspondent wishes to know when the statue of Cobden is to be erected on the pedestal which has long stood unoccupied near Mornington Crescent, Camden Town.

Mr. Foley's statue of Burke, which was executed to be a pendant to that by the same sculptor of Goldsmith on College Green, Dublin, has been erected on its pedestal and will be uncovered in a few days.

The voluntary examination of students by the Institute of British Architects will take place in the third week of next month.

Mr. Arthur Hughes's picture of 'The Young Knight's Vigil, with his Arms,' which was recently described by us, was not finished in time for the forthcoming Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Mr. F. T. Palgrave's 'New Pentameron; or, Five Days' Entertainment,' a series of romances for children and those of larger growth, to which we referred some time since as in course of illustration by Mr. Arthur Hughes, will shortly appear from the press of Messrs. Macmillan. The same artist's

and publishers' illustrated edition of 'Tom Brown's School Days' will appear at Christmas next; the designs are numerous, and, like those of the former work, in the hands of Mr. J. D. Cooper, engraver on wood.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. BARNEBY'S CHOIR.—CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 22, at Eight o'clock.—Madrigals, Part-Songs, &c. Solo Singers, O. Ford, Solo Vocalists, Madame Pater-Whytock and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will sing Beethoven's 'Lieder-Kreis,' &c. Solo Pianoforte, Mr. William Coenens, Accompanist, Mr. Benedict, Conductor. Mr. Barnby.—Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit four), 1l. 1s.; Balcony, 3s.; Boxes, 10s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; admission, 1s.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—HERM. CARL HAUSE will give his FIFTH CONCERT on THURSDAY EVENING, April 23, assisted by Messrs. H. Blagrove and Aylward. Vocalists, Miss Fanny Armatage and Nora Scherzer. Conductor, Mr. F. Weber. Tickets, 1s. 6d.; 2s.; 3s.; 4s.; and of the Musicians'; and of Mr. Fish, who has a Plan of the Rooms.

MISS NEILSON will give a DRAMATIC READING on FRIDAY EVENING, May 1, at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, to commence at Eight o'clock.—Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; admission, 1s.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on SATURDAY MORNINGS, May 2 and 23, and June 6. Violin, Mr. Henry Holmes.—Subscription Tickets, 1s. 6d.; at the Room; and of Mr. Walter Macfarren, 3, Lansburgh Terrace, Regent's Park.

OPÉRA COMIQUE.—Auber's 'Premier Jour de Bonheur.'—We are glad to receive from Paris such an unsolicited protest against *Casino* manufacture as the following fragment of a letter contains:—"It is a most noticeable event in the world of art that a composer of eighty-four years of age should have carried off the most brilliant musical success of the present Parisian season. When one listens to the airy, graceful, youthful strains of M. Auber's last opera, one is naturally reminded of the story of *Anacreon*, with a garland on his grey hairs, reclining at a banquet, surrounded by a bevy of youthful beauties, sipping his Chian wine, in the gayest of moods, and delighting his fellow revellers with sparkling sallies of wit and song as those of which he has been prodigal to former generations. Why, *Anacreon*, do you not know the hour has sounded for your retirement long since?" said the tyrant of Samos. Has it replied *Anacreon*; I never heard it. So M. Auber evidently, when he composed this opera, had no thoughts of *Montmartre* or *Père La Chaise* in his head; for the music is as light and sound and full of *bouquet* as the flesh of his own Bordeaux, which he lightly gets rid of at the *Café Anglais*, and of which the *garçon* draws the cork with especial solicitude, calling it 'le biberon du petit Auber.' Sincere and manifest indeed was the delight of the audience of the *Opéra Comique* at finding the stage once more in the possession of a piece worthy of taking equal rank with the 'Musette de Portici,' the 'Fra Diavolo,' the 'Ambassadrice,' the 'Domino Noir,' the 'Diamants de la Couronne.' The failure of Offenbach in 'Robinson Crusoe' [deserved?—Ed.] served to give relief to the talent of M. Auber. The *Palais Royal*, broad-farce style of the composer of 'Grandes Duchesses,' 'Barbe-bleue,' and 'Belles Hélènes' might suffice for the frequenters of the *Variétés* or the *Palais Royal*; but the traditions of refinement and elegance are as yet too strong at the *Opéra Comique* to give M. Offenbach all the liberty there which his very free style requires; and Mlle. Schneider throwing her *tambour de basque* under her legs in her very *lesté* style is not as yet likely to make an appearance on these boards. The story, time and *entourage* of M. Auber's last opera are extremely well chosen, and the writer of the *libretto* can justly lay claim to some share of its success. The scene is India, in the vicinity of Madras, and the time that Dupleix, when English and French were battling for the supremacy of the great continent of Hindostan. The action takes place partly in the French and partly in the English camp. One can see at once the semi-poetical atmosphere into which this combination must introduce the spectator. He will have tropical vegetation, light, airy arabesque salons, before his eyes. Indian priestesses and Bayaderes, *Rajahs* and *Maharajas* mingled with the white Bourbon, the red English uniform,

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the three-cornered hat, and the white-powdered hair, before his eyes; and the manners and sentiments can admit of the graceful, humorous, semi-heroic, polite cast, so essentially congenial to a light opera. We can have *Lauzun* and *Chesterfield* surrounded by all the poetry of the East."—Of the opera itself, it is possible that we may speak shortly from personal hearing, and thus reserve criticism for the moment.

HATMARKET.—Mr. Harry Lemon has supplied an occasional farce, entitled 'A Co-operative Movement,' by which the 'Hero of Romance' is now preceded. The purpose of the production is obvious, and is served by the saucy complaints of the servant Jemima, who gives her mistress warning, because deprived of her perquisites from the tradesmen, in consequence of the former preferring to deal at the Co-operative Store. The rest of the action is so slight as scarcely to be appreciable in a narrative form. Mr. Compton plays humorously enough, a custom-house messenger, who also acts as waiter at fashionable parties, and attends in that capacity at a luncheon given by the spinster heroine to a Mr. Harold Jones, who finally gives his hand to her niece instead of to herself. Well acted, the little affair goes off briskly enough.

STRAND.—On Saturday, a costly extravaganza, by Mr. W. Brough, was produced under the title of 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold.' Apart from the puns, the parodies and the dances, the action is merely spectacular; but this is of so brilliant a character, and includes so large a number of performers, all gorgeously attired, that the mind is literally subdued by the glitter and bustle. *Henry the Eighth*, arriving at Calais, on his famous visit to *Francis the First*, after surviving the inconvenience of sea-sickness, finds in the French king a faithful ally; and then, having been well entertained, engages in a tournament, the absurdities of which bring the burlesque to a conclusion. Some scenes from the novel of 'Darnley' are imported into the action, and Miss Lydia Thompson appears as the banished peer with capital effect. Miss Ada Swanborough supports the part of the *Lady Constance de Grey*, with all that vigour of style for which she is so remarkable. The scenery by Mr. Charles Fenton is very fine, and aids the general magnificence of the groupings and costumes.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Mr. John Oxenford has adapted 'Oliver Twist' for this house, and on Saturday it was produced with abundant accessories, to a numerous and fashionable audience. With Lionel Brough for *Bumble*, Mr. Ryder for *Fagin*, and Mr. J. L. Toole for "the artful dodger," we might have expected complete success. The acting was very good, and, in addition to the names we have above mentioned, nothing could be better than the *Bill Sykes* of Mr. Irving, the *Nancy* of Nelly Moore, and the *Oliver Twist* of Miss H. Hodson. But the piece needed considerable manipulation at a second rehearsal, before the stage-business could be rendered satisfactory to the audience. It was, however, placed on the stage in a costly manner; and, when properly adjusted to it, will probably attract the admirers of the works of Mr. C. Dickens, and command large audiences.

HOLBORN.—This theatre re-opened under the management of Miss Fanny Josephs on Monday, and was filled with a respectable and most appreciative audience. Numerous alterations have been made in the auditorium for the better, and much decoration added, so that the general effect is fresh and gay;—such effect being moreover aided by a new sunlight chandelier supplied by Mr. Verity. The Prince of Wales honoured the occasion by his presence. The performances commenced with Mr. Craven's drama of 'The Post Boy,' a character which the author himself most skilfully supported. Then followed Mr. Burnand's burlesque of 'The White Fawn,' founded on the Parisian spectacle of the 'Biche au Bois,' and recently acted at Liverpool. It is seldom, even in

these days, that a new drama is so gorgeously mounted as this has been. The scenery and dresses are equally superb; on the former Mr. Julian Hicks has bestowed a world of invention—as witness the Kingdom of Dingdong, the Palace of Sunflowers, the Forest of Sycamores, and the Palace of the Princess Nigressa. The action is supposed to pass in Abyssinia, but Mr. Burnand has not expended any jesting on the subject of the war with its monarch, and indeed has been sparing of his puns throughout, electing to depend upon the interest of his story. This is an old one. A fairy, forgotten to be invited at the birth of the heroine, pronounces her malediction, in consequence of which the latter is kept in a dark tower until she is fifteen, when she is turned into a Fawn, and pursued through many wanderings. Restored to her proper form, the *Princess Daisy* finally surmounts all difficulties, and weds with *Prince Buttercup*. The latter is impersonated by Miss Fanny Josephs, and the former by Miss Emma Rita, who made her first appearance in London. The part of *King Dingdong* is vigorously sustained by Mr. Moreland; and the rest of the characters were very respectably filled; those of the *Princess Nigressa*, by Miss Lydia Maitland, and of *Queen Harmonia*, by Miss Sophie Larkin, were indeed demonstrative. The prologue included a ballet of the Belles of Dingdong, invented by M. Espinosa, which was especially pleasing, both from its quaintness and its picturesqueness, and Mr. Charles Halle has illustrated the whole with some admirable music. Concluding the evening's entertainment with the production of a new farce by Mr. Wilmot Harrison, called, 'Special Performances,' which was well received, the new management has clearly commenced its first season under favourable auspices.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Burnand has supplied this theatre also with its Easter extravaganza, entitled, 'Hit and Miss; or, All my Eye and Betty Martyn.' It is derived from the French of 'L'Eil Crevé,' an *opéra bouffe*, of which the music belongs to M. Hervé. The *Lady Elizabeth de Martyn* is the heroine, and is shot in the eye by *Robin Hood*, who is put into prison, and delivered by the *Maid Marian* with his merry men. Miss Furtado dashes through the part of *Robin Hood* with surprising vigour, and Miss Louisa Moore, as the famous *Betty Martyn*, looked and sang like a siren. An amusing state of perplexity as to the various relationships of the *dramatis personae* lends humour and bustle to the last scene, and, on the fall of the curtain, the success of the piece was decided. The scenery, painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, is of great merit.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

How is Passion Week kept in England? By operas in our Italian theatres,—by a performance or two of Rossini's 'Stabat' and Mozart's inevitable and tedious 'Twelfth Mass' (if Mozart's it be, which many have doubted); on Good Friday, by a sacred performance of music at Sydenham, produced by Mr. Daniel Godfrey's military band within the Palace, and without it by hysterical sports, such as "kissing in the ring," &c., for the delectation of penitential young men and maidens. The Parisian journals announced for the churches open that day the 'Stabat Mater' of Palestina, and 'The Seven Words,' set by Haydn, and again set by M. Dubois, also by other persons less known to fame. The anachronism, to say the least of it, of our Protestant Good Friday, when made a sort of semi sacred holiday, is worth noting.

At last Saturday's *Crystal Palace Concert*, Herr Wallenreiter made a favourable impression as a fairly good specimen of a German *basso*. His training is better than his voice, which wants sonority and power in the lower register. His choice of songs, excepting Handel's 'Nasce al bosco,' was not fortunate. Herr Strauss played very finely. Mr. Sullivan's *Symphony* was not performed, owing, we are apprised, to a delay in the delivery of the orchestral parts.

It may be worth marking, as a sign of the times and late in tardy recognition of an art which should rank by the side and as the equal of the art of

Painting, that Mr. Costa and Mr. Halle (than whom two better representatives of Music could not be named) have been recently elected Members of the Athenæum Club. Dr. Bennett is the only other representative of music in that body, unless we are mistaken. Better late than never!

Madame Arabella Goddard announces an interesting series of "Recitals," at which all Mendelssohn's "Lieder" will be heard.

It is rumoured that, to inaugurate the music for the Leeds Exhibition, the Russian Hymn, by Col. Lvoff, Haydn's 'God save the Emperor,' Marcello's 'I ciechi immensi,' and a "Sanctus" by M. Gounod, will probably be selected.

We hope to speak next week of the new Italian opera-singers, most of whom have made a favourable impression; but we will not wait to acknowledge the service done at Her Majesty's Opera by that excellent artist Mdlle. Sinico, who sang the other evening at a moment's notice for Mdlle. Tietjens, in 'Il Trovatore,' and so finely as to make the absence of the more robust German *prima donna* little regretted. The lovely art of singing is not dying out, we are glad to believe; but who is there now that writes what is good to be sung, or pleasant to hear? A real, new, spontaneous opera composer would be "a boon and a blessing" (to quote Dickens's *Mrs. Gowan*) not to be over-estimated. For a moment, we are abandoned to the un-tender mercies of Signor Verdi, of all Italian composers past or present the one of whom the ear wears the soonest.

The "singing men and singing women" are "tinkling their cymbals" with a vengeance! if the tales of the rise in prices they now demand are true. It was the other day told as a joke, which is no joke, that that paltry singer and indelicate woman, Mdlle. Schneider, on being invited to come over to England to display her airs and graces, for one evening, in the private house of a millionaire, demanded only sixteen hundred pounds! This, however, may have merely been a dash of impudence, analogous to that by which (if tales be true) she gained for her carriage entry to the Great Exhibition as the Grande-Duchesse de Gerolstein. It is known that Mdlle. Tietjens rates her services on similar occasions four times as high as did Mdlle. Sontag; and yet the two as vocalists, above all as drawing-room singers, when compared, the latter to the former one, are what pewter would be if compared with highly-wrought silver.

The following inquiry from a Correspondent is easily answered:—"Can you give your musical readers any information as to whether the musical criticisms of Weber, Schumann, and H. Berlioz are published in English or French?"—The collected *feuilletons* of M. Berlioz have been published under the titles of 'A Travers Champs' and 'Soirées d'Orchestre,' and on their appearance were duly noticed in this journal; but have not been otherwise "discussed" in English. Translated fragments from the criticisms of Schumann have been published in our periodicals, but, so far as we know, no complete work of his. England is sadly behind-hand in the matter of musical literature, whether the same be indigenous or imported.

We hear on every side from Germany reports of the great progress made by that very interesting and elegant singer, Mdlle. Orgeni. Should her health not fail her, it is, as it always has been, our impression that she has a great future before her.

What does the Lord Chamberlain's Office say to such a hideous catastrophe as that of the female acrobat who the other evening, as a *sle-Leotard*, matching the wretched woman who aspired to cross the Thames as a *sle-Blondin*, has possibly been made a cripple for life, if not killed?

We are told that Mdlle. Theresa meditates the invasion of England.

MISCELLANEA

Sack and Lime—Greek Wine.—My observations were directed to Shakespeare and not to the Greek Archipelago Wine Company, of which I know nothing. I have tasted very good wines on one of the islands and at places named by Mr. Carajamaki, as well as in Cyprus, Samosa, and Rhodes; and if the ancients had better wine, they were still

luckier. Of that I am ignorant, but fortunately Mr. Carajanaki is not, as he tells you his company are going to give us "the celebrated wines of ancient times made with greater science and care." I have, nevertheless, tasted very bad wine in many places, prepared as myself and Mr. Carajanaki describe, so that there is no connexion there. He says, however, that lime is not put in wine, but gypsum; that is to say, plaster of Paris or sulphate of lime, so that the people were not so far wrong in talking about lime after all. Now comes the question, was Falstaff any wiser than myself? did he, in objecting to lime in the sack, object to sulphate of lime? Here, Mr. Carajanaki's practical experience in wine-making comes in; for he says that sulphate of lime is the ancient method adopted in Spain, and we may presume it was in Falstaff's time. My suggestion is that lime does not mean the vegetable lemon, or sweet lemon, but the mineral lime or sulphate of lime. HYDE CLARKE.

Our Good Old English.—The good old word *nesh* is pure Anglo-Saxon. Your Correspondent, if he refers to Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary will find "*Hnæs*, tender, soft, *nesh*." Mr. Wedgwood, in his 'Dictionary of English Etymology,' adds "properly moist," and compares it with the German *nass*, and the Dutch *nat*, "wet," and the Gothic *natan*, and the German *benetzen*, "to wet." Richardson, in his Dictionary, gives examples of the word from R. Brune, Chaucer's 'Court of Love,' Phœbus Virgil's 'Æn., and Fabian, and states that it is still common in various parts of England, a statement that derives confirmation, from its being used by "Orator Crone" in his once famous poem of 'Lewdon Hill'—

The darker fir, light ash, and the *nesh* tops
Of the young hazel.

"Nesh" appears in Elisha Cole's Latin Dictionary (edit. 6, 1707)—a rich storehouse of old words,—"*Nesh, mollis, delicatus.*" We also find it as a word in ordinary use at Manchester in Mrs. Gaskell's touching little tale, 'Lizzie Marsh's Three Eras':—"They must be *nesh* folks as is put out with the singing of birds," replied Emmanuel, rather affronted."—*Harif* is another very characteristic Anglo-Saxon word, rubbed down somewhat by the attrition of centuries. Its original form is "*hegerife*," from "*hege*," a hedge, and (perhaps) "*reafian*," to seize, lay hold of. Bosworth translates it "*Haireve, clavers, broad-leaved, burweed.*" In the 'Promptorium Parvulorum' it appears under the form "*haryf*," and it still survives in Northamptonshire and other parts of England for the *Galium aparine*, common cleavers, or goosegrass, though Mr. Prior is of opinion that it originally signified the *Arctium lappa* or burdock. "*Harif*" does not occur in my friend Mr. A. G. More's admirable 'Cybels Hibernica.' As a genuine Saxon word, it is probably unknown in Ireland.—*Greyhound* is derived by some etymologists from "grey," or "gray," a *badger* ("the grays, polcats or brocks have a cast by themselves when they be afraid of the hunters."—Holland's 'Pliny'), as "staghound," "foxhound," "wolfhound," &c.,—an excellent derivation, if greyhounds were ever used to hunt badgers. E. V.

Ladies Bedstraw.—I am exceedingly interested with the statement of Mr. Burgess that woodruff "was undoubtedly strewed in churches," and should be very greatly obliged if he could give me references to any individual instances, either from contemporary or other records. J. FOWLER.

Effect of Sound on Animals.—I have observed on the part of dogs some noteworthy instances of the effect of sounds, which the note in your impression of the 4th inst. brings to my recollection. A turn-spit bull, bearing a deservedly high reputation for ferocity, and capable of being held in check by no voice but my own, happening to be with me at the house of a friend in South Lambeth, expressed intense delight on hearing the notes of a violin. Sitting in the centre of the room, with head elevated, anxious to catch every sound, "Billy" gave forth at certain intervals a responsive chorus, ascending the scale in positive accord with the aria my friend was playing. J. T. D.

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